Science Fiction

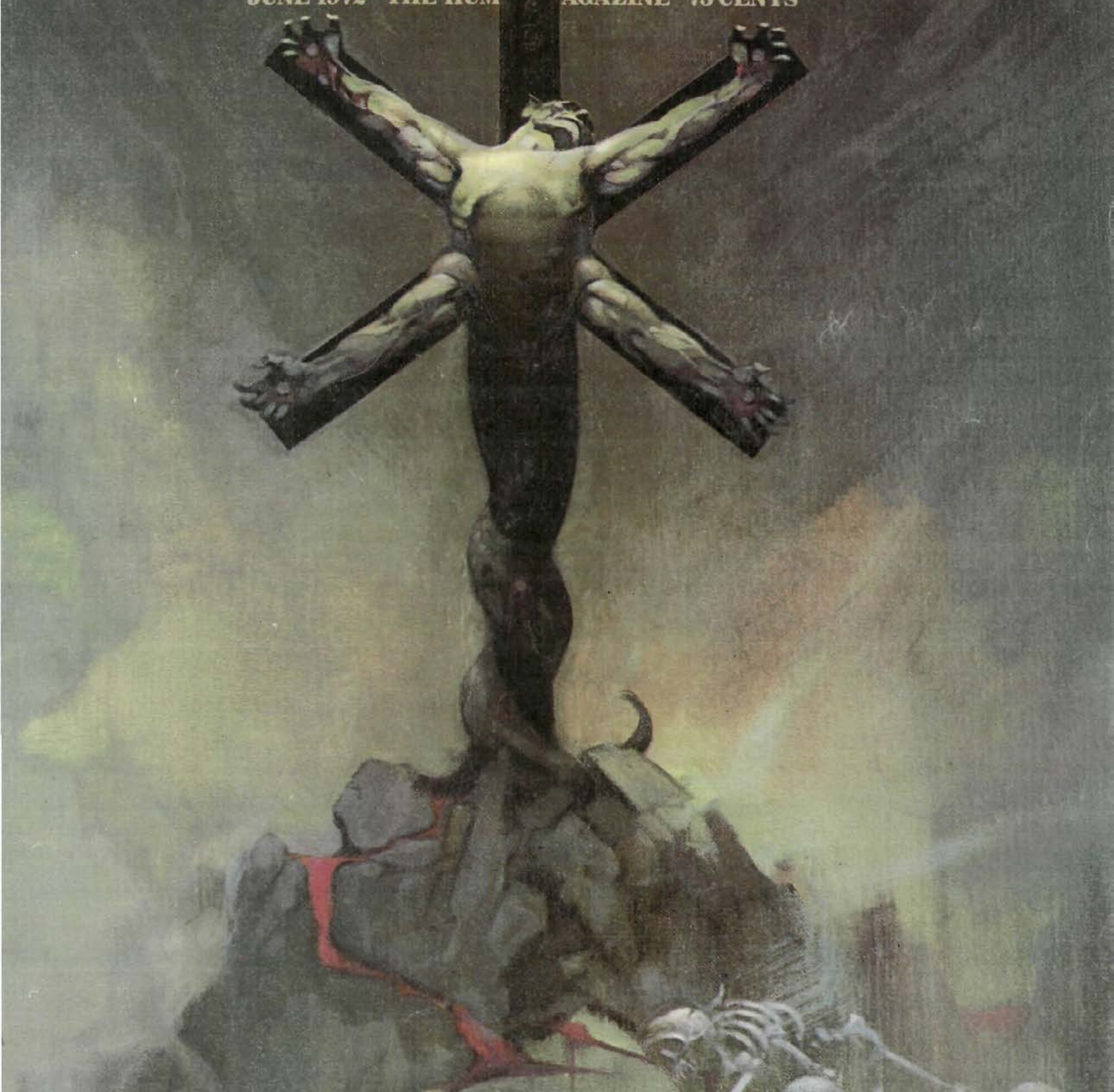
Theodore Sturgeon Sextraterrestrials

Gahan Wilson Martian Jokes Sci-Fi Quiz

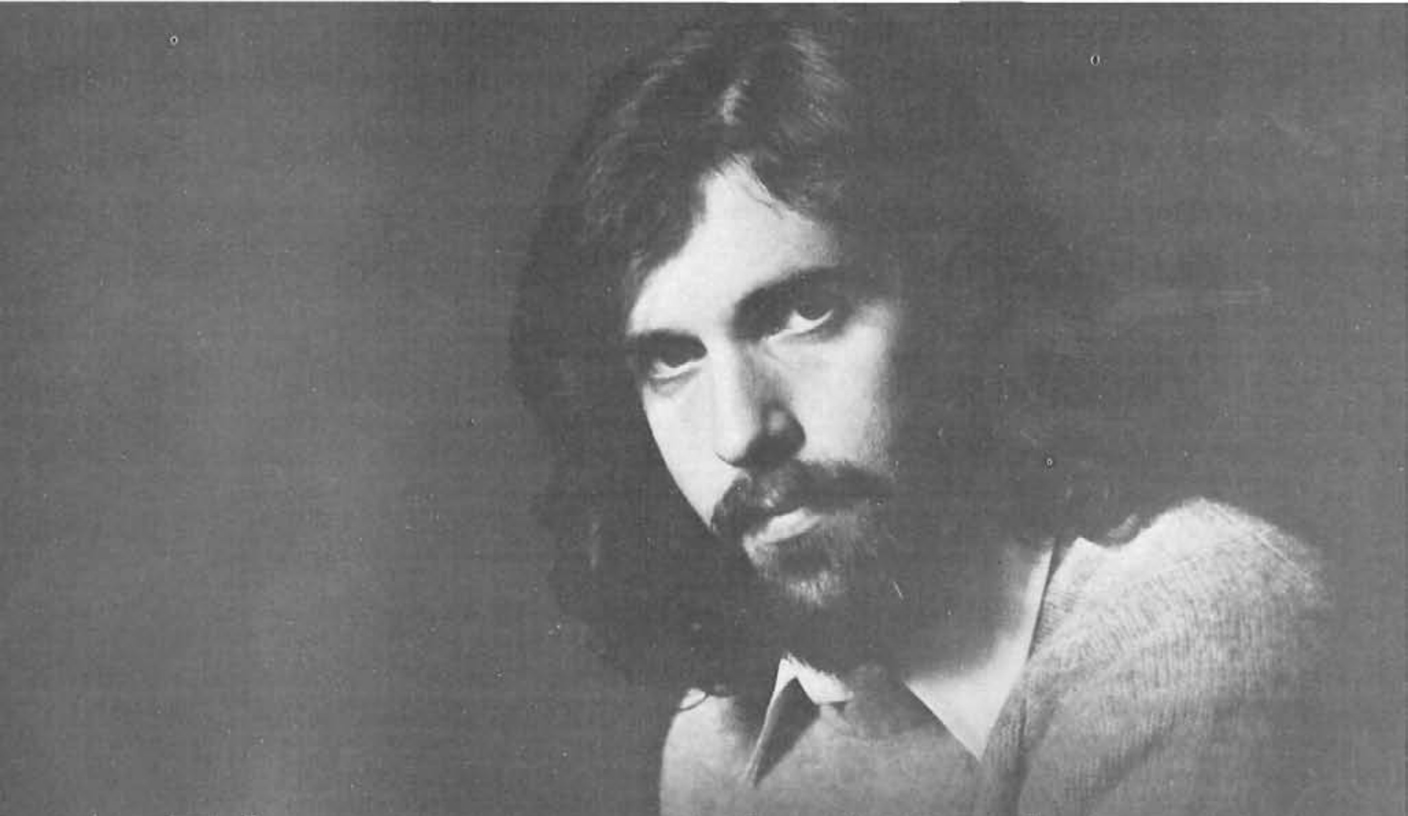
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GERALDINE
DON'T FIGHT THE FEELING.
On Little David Records and Tapes (LD 1001)
Little David
an Atlantic custom label.



Take some sound advice from Blood, Sweat & Tears' Bobby Colomby.

Because he's in the music business, people frequently ask Bobby Colomby to recommend good hi-fi equipment. Bobby advises them to start out with quality stuff even if it's the least expensive unit in a legitimate hi-fi manufacturer's line. He feels there are a lot of toys on the market being sold in dime and drug stores that are masquerading as high fidelity.

If you've been looking for a real hi-fi AM-FM stereo receiver, take a tip from Bobby. Check out the new Pioneer SX-424. With 50 watts (IHF) of solid music power, it's designed for people who want the best possible sound . . . a wide range of features . . . and a price that's right.

At $179.95, the SX-424 is the perfect control unit for your hi-fi set up. In fact, a Pioneer dealer can build a complete quality stereo system around it for about $250. Now there's no reason for you to buy that squeaky kid stuff.

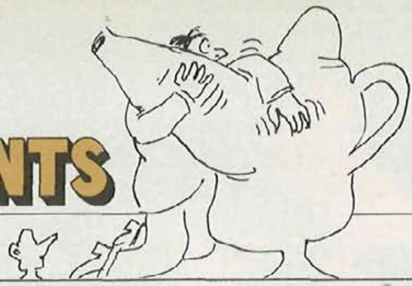
U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

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SX-424

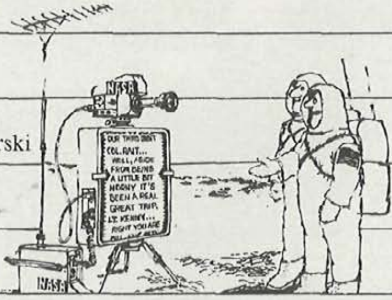


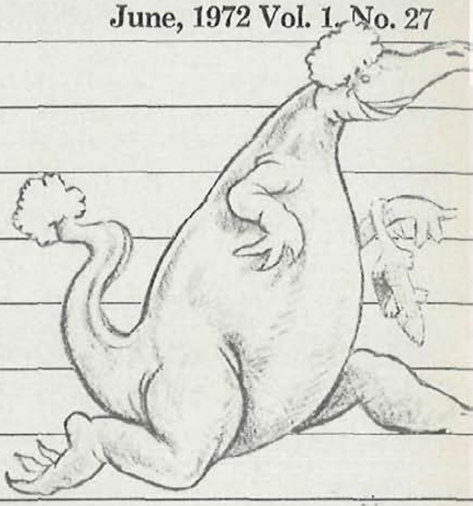
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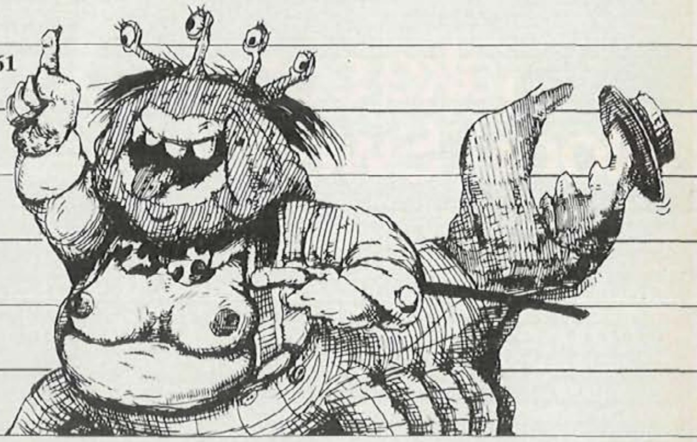


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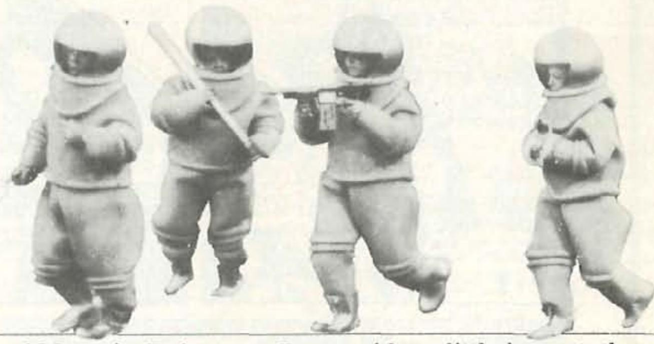
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BONUS BLOWS IT LIKE IT IS....
DO WAH DOOBIE DO WAH
I CAN'T STAND IT! THAT GUY UPSTAIRS PLAYS THAT HORN DAY AND NIGHT..
BUT IT HAS REAL ESTHETIC VALUE
LATER IN THE KITCHEN...
OH THAT MR BONUS MELTS MY HEART WITH HIS MUSIC...
COLD CHICAGO WIND
PLEASE PLEASE TELL US AGAIN WHAT YOU GONNA DO ON YOUR NEW GRUNT RECORD!
ROSE MARIE AND DONA BELLA LOVE THE HORNPLAYER...
JACK, YOU'RE SO SENSITIVE
AND I'M GONNA WRITE A SONG ABOUT MY MOM
ONE OF THE THINGS I LIKE ABOUT YOU THE MOST JACK IS YOUR'E NOT NASTY
KNOCK KNOCK
I HEARD YOUR MUSIC DOWNSTAIRS AND WONDERED IF YOU WOULD.........
YES
BUT OF COURSE
DO THE ONE WITH THE ELEPHANTS IN IT...
GRUNT
COME ON IN, IT'S ONLY MAKE-BELIEVE
-ERR AH UH- WHAT I WANTED TO SEE YOU ABOUT JACK IS, CAN YOU LOAN ME A FEW BUCKS 'TILL THE END OF THE WEEK?
YEOWW
I AM NOT LYING DOWN, I AM STANDING UP
JACK BONUS
ALL SONGS BY JACK BONUS.. VOCALS BY JACK BONUS.. SAXOPHONE AND FLUTE BY JACK BONUS...... PRODUCED AND ARRANGED BY JACK BONUS..
YES! IT'S TRUE!
THE BIG SOUND IS OUT....
ACT NOW!
9 OUT OF 10 TESTED, SAY: "JACK BONUS' NEW RECORD ON GRUNT GIVES A BETTER RIDE!"
"RELIEVES SIMPLE NERVOUS TENSION!" —HENRY KIBEN—
"RECORD OF THE YEAR" —BRITISH MUSEUM—
NO JIVE
GRUNT FT 1005 RECORDS & TAPES
MFG. & DIST. BY RCA RECORDS

EDITORIAL PAGE



Science fiction, a literary form developed in the late nineteenth century when Jules Verne invented the concept of the "time warp" to explain why a rent check mailed a week before had not yet been received by his landlord, is once again reaching wide American audiences. No longer limited to hard-core fans of the sort who habitually wear lime-colored short-sleeve shirts, black plastic glasses, pimples, and scuffed Hush Puppies with broken laces, Sci-Fi today holds a place similar to that enjoyed by the fantasy-oriented "morality plays" so popular during those wild and wacky Plague Years. In addition to the Orwellian themes so appropriate to the times, modern escapist literature also serves as a launching pad for contemporary Freudian fantasies about a lot of fellows crammed together in a dong-shaped vehicle that plunges through the void to combat a squishy, tentacled thingie that bears more than a passing resemblance to where the Indian hit Mom with his hatchet.

And speaking of Mom, the Defense Department has finally verified the existence of MOM (Magnetic Options Matrix), the computerized missile-guidance system that functions as the sole target selector for every nuclear warhead in America's Arsenal for Peace. For the last nine years, MOM has been daily digesting huge helpings of raw data ranging from international political maneuverings and stock-market fluctuations to Top 40 singles and local weather reports. As world tensions shift with changing socio-political inputs, MOM has faithfully and automatically reaimed our ICBMs from Moscow to Peking to Havana and back again, untouched by human hands and invulnerable to tampering as it unerringly determines our worst enemy.

It was with no little interest, then, that we recently heard from an ex-ROTC classmate now working in the Pentagon that MOM has been locked on the same target for over three years: Washington, D.C.—DCK

Cover: The extraterrestrial gruesifixion is once again the work of Frank "If-You-Think-I'm-Gonna-Let-You-Keep-the-Original-Art-When-I-Can-Get-Ten-Gees-a-Shot-for-Them-from-Collectors-You're-Outta-Your-Gourd" Frazetta, generally acclaimed Thing-of-the-Mountain around fantasy-illustration circles for his famous *Conan the Adventurer* paperback covers and his eye-splitting *National Lampoon* work (cover, April, 1971; "Dragula" cover, November, 1971). Mr. Frazetta now lives deep in the Poconos, where he is confident their Xykloscopic Detectors will never find him.

Oops: The *National Lampoon* regrets the omission of photo and script credits for Yoko Ono's Foto Funnie in the March issue. She done it.

Paging Johnny Hart: We'd like to get in touch with you, but we don't know how, and it's impossible to get your subscriber's address without gutting Louise the Computer's mammary bank. C'mon out, and keep your hands over your head. Best, the Gang. □

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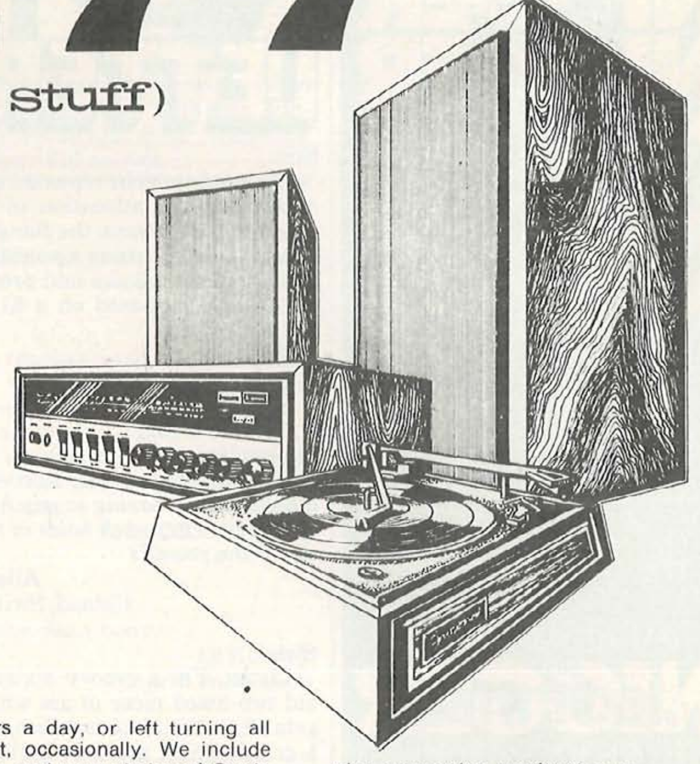
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$277

(and it's good stuff)



If you're in the market for a sound system, you really ought to know about Stereo Warehouse. If nothing else, our free catalogue is a damn good reference to have. We'll send you literature, information, and no-bullshit evaluations on any equipment you are interested in, fast and free. We represent every major brand of stereo equipment, and we offer single components and systems at remarkable savings. The system offered here is an example: We feel our stereo system for $277 makes the competition look pretty bad. Other "super-duper-three-hundred-dollar-music-systems" we've seen offered always include some wimpy house brand speaker that rattles and buzzes when turned up. Or maybe the system features some Mickey Mouse 10 watt receiver, or perhaps a plastic "module" record changer.

At any rate, the system we offer here fits none of the above categories. Our $277 music system consists of a Harman Kardon 330a AM/FM stereo receiver, a Garrard Synchro-Lab 55B automatic changer, complete with base, cover and magnetic eliptical cartridge, and a pair of Electro-Voice model 13 speakers.

The Harman Kardon 330a delivers 100 watts IHF (45 RMS) and features the best FM section we've tested in a $200 receiver. The Garrard SL-55B utilizes the famous Garrard Synchro-Lab motor found in the most expensive Garrard models. Viscous damped cueing, anti-skating, and amazing dependability are among its credits. We've rarely seen the SL-55B screw up, even when used many hours a day, or left turning all night, occasionally. We include base, and your choice of Grado FCE, or Stanton 500E eliptical cartridge. Total retail price of the changer package is $105.95.

Next we turn to the speakers—At the Warehouse, we listen to dozens of bookshelf systems a year. A good many of them are 8" two way systems, like the EV 13, housed in a walnut cabinet—and all are generally the same size. None sound alike. Many times we can't agree which sounds the best, but such was not the case with this new model 13—by Electro-Voice. The model 13 sounded so far superior to anything we have ever heard, which we could offer at anywhere near the price, that we unanimously agreed these were the speakers to endorse. The model 13 features an 8" rolled edge suspension woofer that reproduces extremely tight bass passages, even at high volume levels. The tweeter has excellent dispersion, and the high frequencies are crisp and clean. There is even a control on the rear of the speaker to adjust the height to the acoustics of the room; in all, a good buy for $59.95. We feel this is a better sounding speaker than the AR4X, and definitely better than the KLH 32. The complete system above retails for over $433, but send us $277, and we'll ship this system (or any order) the day we get your cashiers check or money order. Sales tax only for those who live under Gov. Reagan. Drop in and see us, or if you can't make it to San Luis, we'll be glad to rap on the phone. All letters are personally answered.

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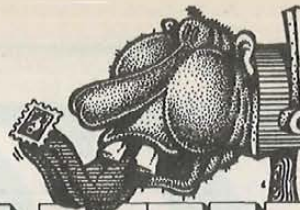
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Zip ______________________

L6-72



LETTERS

Sirs:

In answer to your repeated snipings concerning the allocation of income received to date from the *Bangla Desh* album, I am enclosing a precise breakdown of our expenses and profits.

(All figures based on a $12.95 retail list price.)

Pressing:	$ .97
Cover:	$ .09
Wholesaler's cut:	$1.40
Retailer's cut:	$1.80
Legal fees:	$ .94
Getting a special guy to come in on a holiday and having to pay him a lot of overtime to punch holes in the middle of the records:	$7.75

Allen Klein
Gstaad, Switzerland

Sirs:

Listen, I'm a groovy sixteen-year-old two-fisted piece of ass who really gets off on the *National Lampoon* and I could really get into balling your entire staff someday after school, including the chicks if they're into it. I guess I should tell you that I'm blind, but that didn't stop Hendrix from telling me I gave the best Betty Crocker stereophonic transparent three-dimensional mixing bowl job he'd ever had!

So, if you want to lube your tube, give me a ring and I'll take the bus right over. I can't read the numerals on my Touchtone phone, but the number is boop beep meep-meep boop neep boop, Area Code meep boop beep.

I'll be waiting, pant pant.

Terrie Scooterpie
S. Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

I was digging some new platters I got at the Record Hut yesterday and I really think that the *Nilsson Schmilsson* "Jump into the Fire" cut is really far out out out out out.

Rosemary Spiererererererer
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

The Empire State Building was not "built." It landed.

A Friend
Alpha Centauri, Kans.

Sirs:

Look, schmuck, don't spread it around. In a few more weeks the Others will join us and these puny creatures will never know what hit 'em.

Don't take any wooden credits.

Florence Nesbitt
Montreal, Canada

Sirs:

I dare you to print this letter.

George Plimpton
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

And this one.

George Plimpton
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

What's the difference between parsley and pussy?

Hank Kissinger
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I dunno, what?

Richard M. Nixon
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Very few people eat parsley.

Hank Kissinger
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Hey, Spiro! I just heard this real zinger! What's the difference between parsley and pussy?

Richard M. Nixon
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

If *you* don't know, I'm certainly not going to invite you to dinner with my wife.

Spiro T. Agnew
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Hey! We were really mindblown last week when we got our copy of the *National Lampoon* from the dorm mailbox (actually, we didn't actually subscribe, but Jerry rips it off every month from the dumb fuck who lives over us and plays his asshole opera too fucking loud anyway) and saw that you printed our last letter! Wow, I mean, real freak-out, you know? Anyway, we were hanging out in Jerry's room really shit-faced on some dynamite Toledo Gold when we saw you liked our last letter about Nixon mooning Khrushchev on the tube and I bet it really turned some heads (heh heh) around!

So now we figure we're ready for a regular feature in your magazine every month (except not around Easter break or examtime, because my old man says if I don't get a C in poly sci he's gonna take back the Pinto and I'll be really screwed to the wall when I split to the Coast in July to check

out all those Haight-Ashbury swingers I read about in *Rolling Stone*—you know, the issue with the article on how maybe the Limelighters and the drummer from the Hot Nuts are gonna get together with Jerry Garcia and Al Cooper for a supersession). But that's probably no sweat because my asshole mother wants him to take her to Ashtabula to see her asshole sister around then and they'll probably take the Nova anyway.

Anyway, I figured for the first article I'd do something on maybe all the wigged-out scenes here on campus, like the time the Phi Gams got really stoned and we all went on a bra raid, but I'll need the bread first to fix the fender on the Pinto first, y'dig? A check is cool, but cash would be out-of-sight.

Well, I gotta go now because that dumb fuck who lives over us wants his typewriter back so he can finish his book report even though I told him last week the bookstore near the Sacred Mushroom had Cliff's Notes, the wimp.

The Far-Out Heads in Room 23B
Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

Sirs:

What's round and pink and puckered and involuntarily expands and contracts when you have to take a dump?

Harry Stophenes
Athens, Greece

Sirs:

Search me.

David Frost
London, England

Sirs:

What did the moron say when the customs inspector asked him if he was trying to smuggle in any assholes?

Mark O'Relius
Rome, Italy

Sirs:

Search me.

David Frost
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

You took your life as lovers often do, but I could have told you, Vincent, the world was never meant for one as beautiful as you.

T. S. Eliot
McLeans, Va.

Sirs:

And *this* one, too!

George Plimpton
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sirs:

I was reading your June "Science Fiction" issue recently and I noticed that Kenney is doing the "Letters" column again, and while I don't like to say it's lame or anything like that, I just wanted to let you know I'm still available.

Brian McConnachie
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

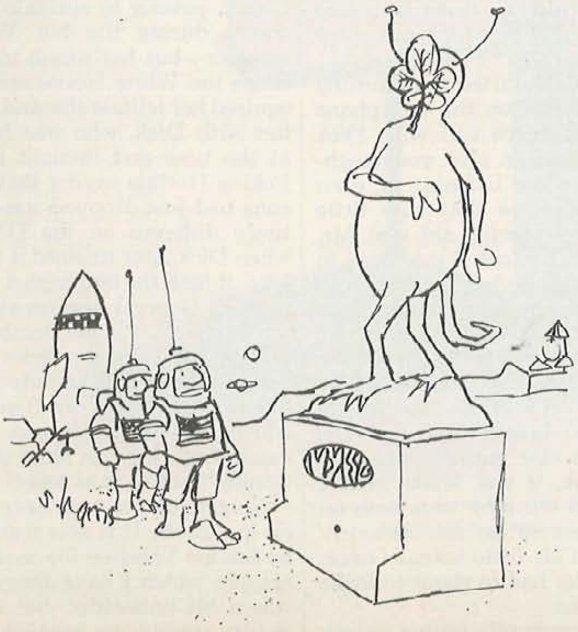
Over my dead body.

D. Kenney
Chagrin Falls, Ohio

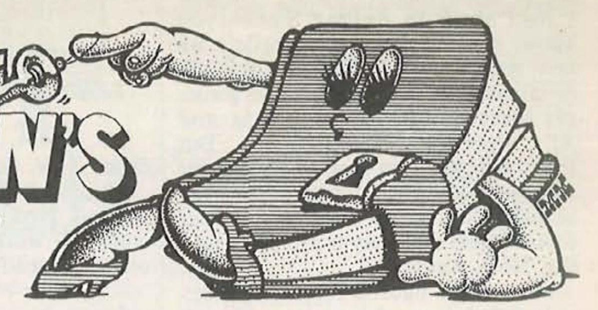
Sirs:

"That," said a voice muffled by the swirling mists that shrouded the flickering candlelight from within an actual *café* in Paris, France, where most tourists never go but *I* go to a lot (or *would* go to a lot if I had ever been further than Rochester, New York), *"can be arranged."*

Michael "Mod" O'Donoghue
Rochester, N.Y.



MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Spiggy and the gang from the office have been traipsing around underfoot all day and night, and my nerves are worn to a frazzle, so please excuse my messy writing. Everybody has finally left, but Spiggy and our youngest are bickering again about whether Fathers Philip and Dan Bergen are actually Jewish and I made the mistake of siding with Kim (even though I must admit I never *have* seen either of them eat a ham sandwich on TV), so I have retreated to the linen closet with a flashlight in my mouth to snatch a few moments' respite. (Oops, I think I just heard Kim's record collection go down the garbage chute again.) I am writing this with my Maybelline pencil on the back of a memo Mr. Kleindienst left about getting a campaign pledge from the Typesetters Union for all the work we're throwing their way on the new improved Constitution that John, Dick, and Spiggy worked up. I must agree with Dick that making the letters bigger will make it easier for schoolchildren to read and it *does* fill up the space left over when you delete all those old-fashioned amendments that Dick said would be too hard for the kids to read on those bouncing buses they have to ride for hours every day anyway.

Anyway, it all started this morning when Spiggy was on the den phone having a conference call with Dick and Hank Kissinger. (No, you naughty thing, I was *not* listening in, even though I still have that cute little "smile" button hearing aid that Mr. Hoover gave me in case I ever have to find Spiggy and he happens to be in a men's room anywhere on the East Coast at the time. But I knew who he was talking to because he holds the phone away from his nose when he talks to Dick—it's a little joke Spiggy likes about his breath—and he holds it somewhere else entirely when he talks to Hank, if you know what I mean. I could tell they were both on the line because Spiggy was obviously enjoying both his little jokes at once, even though he had to shout to make himself heard.)

Dick was apparently telling Spiggy to cancel his speech that day at the $50-a-plate Page Boys Voting Voluntarily for Nixon Annual Luncheon because the campaign strategy meeting couldn't be held in Hank's Situation Room in the White House basement after all. You see, Hank had recently hired a rather chunky redhead he'd met at the Safeway to do some filing and things and the FBI still was checking her background to make sure it wasn't actually Jack Anderson in disguise having some fun.

Spiggy, by the way, is still steaming about the ITT misunderstanding because he says how come Hank's office got all those fancy Princess phones and he can't even get extra rolls of dimes out of petty cash for his?

But Dick told Spiggy to get the rumpus room ready for the meeting because the White House was still all in a dither about last night. What it was was that it all started when Martha, who had been at it again, called up the new Heroin Hotline (800-368-5363) and said she saw a shadowy figure outside her window trying to get children to drop DMT—actually it was only John coming home from People's Drug with some talcum powder to sprinkle inside his shorts during the hot Washington summer—but her prank misfired because the White House operator recognized her telltale slur and connected her with Dick, who was half asleep at the time and thought it was the Peking Hotline saying that the Vietcong had just dropped something entirely different on the DMZ. Well, when Dick later realized it was only a joke, it took the better part of the day to reach General Abrams and tell him not to use the Plague Bombs after all, and by the time the order had been canceled, one had already been accidentally dropped on Bangla Desh, which was lucky, Spiggy said, because that's the one place where they wouldn't notice it as much right now.

Spiggy, by the way, never uses talc on his shorts. If it gets really muggy, he has me Vaseline the seat of his exercycle, which I have always thought was a bit unhealthy, but ever since Spiggy caught me reading that *Cos-*

continued

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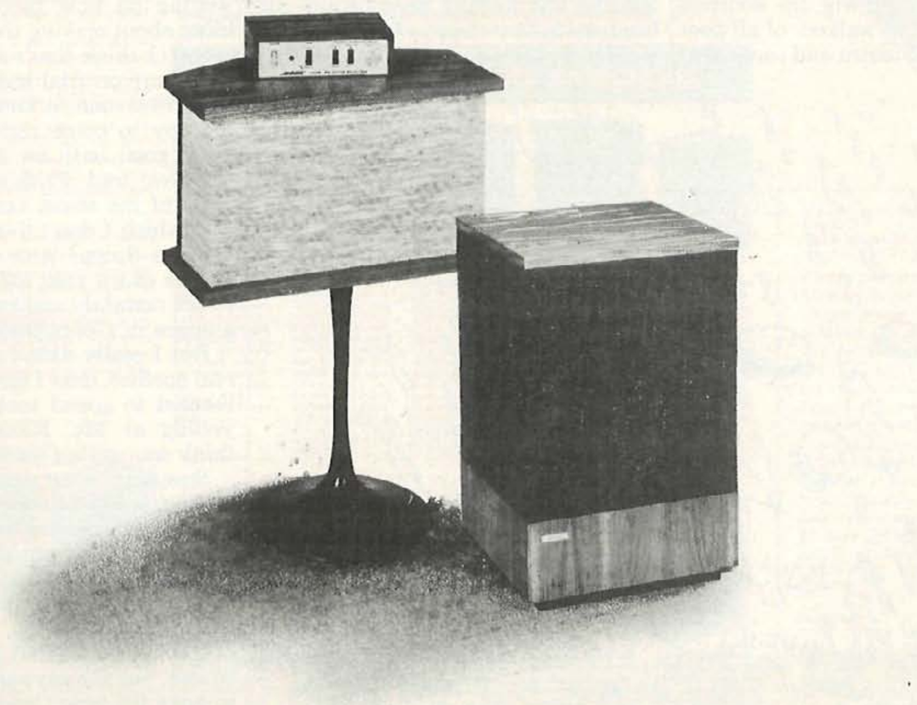
P.S. If you already own expensive speakers, many dealers will lend you a pair of BOSE 901's for an A-B in your living room, where the acoustics are generally far superior to those of the speaker-lined showroom.

* Copies of the Audio Engineering Society paper, 'ON THE DESIGN, MEASUREMENT AND EVALUATION OF LOUDSPEAKERS', by Dr. A. G. Bose, are available from the Bose Corp. for fifty cents.

† For copies of the reviews, please write Bose Corp., Natick, Mass. 01760.

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mopolitan foldout of Burt Reynolds by the bathroom night-light I haven't been able to make a peep about his morning "daily dozen," although Martha assures me that it's perfectly normal for a man Spiggy's age. Martha says, for example—now, dear Diary, this *is* just between us girls—that John never takes his pipe out of his mouth when they're spooning. Once, Martha said, they got home from seeing *Pillow Talk* and John got so excited between the sheets that he set the blanket on fire and they put it out with seltzer bottles only a few seconds before the flames reached the liquor cabinet, in which case, Martha giggles, the whole block would have gone up.

Remember, mum's the word.

Around seven o'clock the boys came over. Dick, John, and Hank arrived first, helping Mr. Kleindienst carry a big package wrapped in brown paper that they hoped we could tuck in our freezer for a while because the one at the CIA was already full from President Thieu's last election (?) and Jack Anderson will never look for her here so if anyone asks just say it's something nice for the Inaugural Dinner.

While the boys were stuffing the package in my freezer (it's under the Swanson's chicken-with-real-gravies) and Spiggy was checking the window for any sign of a plump lady in a trench coat and red wig, the doorbell rang again, and in walked, of all people, Mr. Frank Sinatra and some men in black double-breasted overcoats and hats pulled over their eyes, who Mr. Sinatra said were his brothers-in-law. Well, you can bet I was thrown for a loop, but I regained my composure enough to tell him how much I had enjoyed him in *The Godfather* and never liked that little chippy Allison in "Peyton Place" anyway and don't listen to anything that awful Rona Barrett says because her mind is always in the gutter (titter) anyway but if the truth be told I didn't really think Dustin Hoffman was all *that* convincing as Marlon Bickford's youngest son because he really wasn't greasy enough, or so Spiggy says, even though I know that Mr. Hoffman's people make the best husbands even though ever since *The Graduate* he never seems to fall in love with his own kind which is perfectly alright in this day and age God knows and you never can tell about these things anyway can you Mr. Sinatra because Father Bergen is certainly attractive even if he is Catholic even though I personally think Burt Reynolds has a teensy bit more oomph and although I know you hear it all the time would you mind autographing the back of this memo and maybe make it cute like "To my favorite swinger—Judy Agnew— from Frankie"?

Well, Spiggy yelled for me to cut out all the crap and settle down which was probably a good idea because Mr. Sinatra was looking nervous and his brothers-in-law were feeling their wallets inside their coats and looking at Mr. Sinatra, who shook his head and brushed past me without so much as a ring-a-ding-ding.

Needless to say, I was crushed, but Spiggy later explained that Mr. Sinatra was upset about John and Mr. Hoover not wanting money from the Italian-American Defense League, which Mr. Sinatra told Spiggy was unfair because he heard rumors that Mr. Kleindienst, Ziegler, Nofziger, Haldeman, Ehrlichman, and Klein were starting one for Argentine refugees anyway so how do you figure?

Well, I missed most of the conversation that followed in the rumpus room because I was trying to fit that brown package into the freezer at the time, but apparently Mr. Sinatra reached an understanding with the boys (about how *The Godfather* should be taken out of distribution because of all the Communist propaganda it contains) by making an offer that Spiggy said he could not refuse, which I gather included among other things ten free chips and ten strokes off his score at the next Bob Hope Classic in Palm Springs.

Mr. Sinatra and his brothers-in-law had to leave early to find another brother-in-law who was out treating Mario Puzo to a fishing trip in the Potomac, but the rest of the boys from the office stayed on to iron out some problems with John's new Constitution. On the back of this memo I'm writing on now there's some scribbling about making the Fifth Amendment (I think that's the one you use if you are on trial and are guilty and want everyone to know it but you're too shy to come right out and confess) good only on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays on alternate sides of the street between nine and five, which I don't think will affect us because Spiggy gets a little parking sticker every year for the windshield which certainly makes it easier to find a space in Georgetown on weekends.

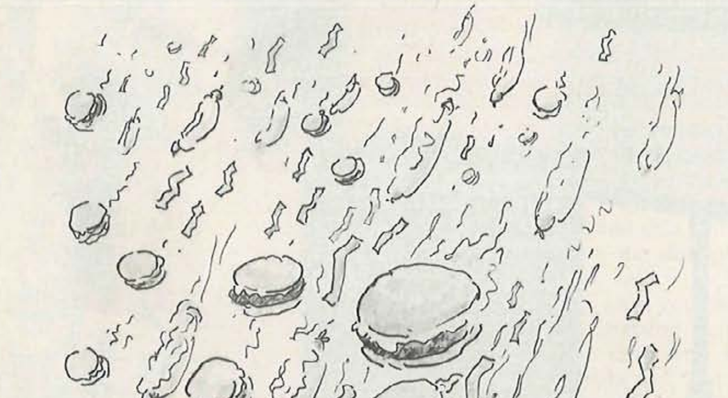
But I really didn't get wind of any real goodies, dear Diary, because they seemed to spend most of their time yelling at Mr. Kleindienst, who I think was crying most of the time.

Speaking of crying, the doorman just buzzed up to say there's a chubby redhead downstairs who's practically in tears because she's having a party and the Safeway is closed and could she come up and borrow Dita Beard out of the freezer?

I usually don't let strangers in, of course, but she says she also happens to have the new *Cosmo*!

All for now,

Judy



"Hot dogs, hamburgers, and French fries!"


Carole King Music
It's Going to Take Some Time
Carry Your Load
ODE
212852
The DIONNE WARWICKe Story
A DECADE OF GOLD
Promises, Promises
Message to Michael
2-RECORD SET
SCEPTER
2-record set counts as one selection
211060
LYNN ANDERSON
HOW CAN I UNLOVE YOU
Don't Say Things You Don't Mean
COLUMBIA
209932
LED ZEPPELI
ROCK AND ROLL
BLACK DOG
ATLANTIC
210781
Take any 14 of these
SANTANA/Three
Everybody's Everything
COLUMBIA 8 MORE
209239
Aretha Franklin's Greatest Hits
SPANISH HARLEM
A NATURAL WOMAN
RESPECT
11 MORE
210179
THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY
SOUND MAGAZINE
I Woke Up In Love This Morning
10 MORE
BELL
207993
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE
PLUS Help Me Make It Through the Night
PARROT 9 MORE
209536
Chicago AT CARNEGIE HALL
Vols. 3 & 4
TWO-RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
209726
TAMMY WYNETTE and GEORGE JONES
WE GO TOGETHER
PLUS Something to Brag About
Take Me
Someone I Used to Know
EPIC 7 MORE
206771
THE DOORS
OTHER VOICES
Tightrope Ride • 7 MORE
ELEKTRA
211805
RAY CONNIF
Great Contempor
Instrumental Hi
It's Too Late
Superstar
Put Your Hand in the Hand
8 MORE
COLUM
207571
THE MAMAS & THE PAPAS
PEOPLE LIKE US
PLUS Shooting Star • Pearl
5 MORE
DUNHILL/ABC
210609
JAMES GANG
LIVE IN CONCERT
Walk Away • 6 MORE
DUNHILL/ABC
209445
Today's Great Hits
JOHNNY MATHIS
YOU'VE GOT A FRIEND
PLUS For All We Know
COLUMBIA
207563
The Best of RAMSEY LEWIS
The "In" Crowd
Dancing in the Street
CADET 11 MORE
189647
HANK WILLIAMS' GREATEST HITS
Cold, Cold Heart
Your Cheatin' Heart
12 MORE
Electronically Rechanneled For Stereo
MGM
200469
DEAN MARTIN
FOR THE GOOD TIMES
PLUS Marry Me
REPRISE 6 MORE
199992
VAN MORRISON
Tupelo Honey
PLUS Wild Night
7 MORE
210856
THE MORMON TABERNACLE CHOIR
CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN
PLUS The Impossible Dream
8 MORE
COLUMBIA
207357
KENNY BURREL
God Bless The Child
No. 1 Guitarist – Downbeat Critics P
209130
QUINCY JONES
SMACKWATER JACK
PLUS Hikky-Burr
Ironside
A&M 5 MORE
209940
JODY MILLER
HE'S SO FINE
PLUS Good Lovin'
Don't Be Cruel
EPIC 8 MORE
207886
THE OSMONDS
HOMEMADE
Double Lovin'
9 MORE
MGM
206409
CAROLE KING
TAPESTRY
PLUS It's Too Late
So Far Away
9 MORE
ODE
203539
RAY PRICE
I WON'T MENTION IT AGAIN
PLUS Loving Her Was Easier
9 MORE
COLUMBIA
202176
THE BEST OF BILL COSBY
W7
182238
JANIS JOPLIN
PEARL
Me and Bobby McGee
9 MORE
COLUMBIA
198986
JIM NABORS
HELP ME MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT
PLUS Rose Garden
I Won't Mention It Again
COLUMBIA 8 MORE
206755
THE 5TH DIMENSI
REFLECTIONS
• Carpet
• California My Way
• Workin' On a Groo Thing
BELL
209387
RAY STEVENS' GREATEST HITS
Everything Is Beautiful
Gitarzan
Ahab the Arab
8 MORE
BARNABY
207456
THREE DOG NIGHT
GOLDEN BISQUITS
Eli's Coming
Mama Told Me
Easy To Be Hard
9 MORE
DUNHILL/ABC
201780
Burt Bacharach
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID
Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head Sung by B. J. THOMAS
A&M
186114
FRANK SINATRA'S GREATEST HITS
• Strangers in the Night
• Somethin' Stupid
• Forget Domani
• That's Life
REPRISE 8 More
168989
B. J. THOMAS
RAINDROPS KEEP FALLIN' ON MY HEAD
PLUS This Guy's in Love With You
8 MORE
SCEPTER
201715
Gershwin's GREATEST HITS
COLUMBIA
187112
LOVE STORY
ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK
PARAMOUNT
199158
BLACK SABBATH
MASTER OF REALITY
Embryo • Orchid
WARNER BROS. 6 MORE
208363
KRIS KRISTOFFERSO
THE SILVER TONGU DEVIL AND I
PLUS Loving Her Was Eas (Than Anything I' Ever Do Again)
MONUMENT
207084
TEN YEARS AFTER
A SPACE IN TIME
I'd Love to Change the World
10 MORE
COLUMBIA
207977
(SOUNDTRACK)
SUMMER OF '42
Michel Legrand
WARNER BROS.
204990
SLY & THE FAMILY STONE
GREATEST HITS
EPIC
196246
THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY
UP TO DATE
I'll Meet You Halfway
10 MORE
BELL
202135
THE SANDPIPERS
Greatest Hits
A&M Guantanamera
9 MORE
188177
BARBRA STREISAND'S GREATEST HITS
COLUMBIA
187088
LEE MICHAELS
"5th"
Do You Know What I Mean
A&M 8 MORE
206144
SANTANA
ABRAXAS
COLUMBIA
195727
JOHNNY MATHIS
LOVE STORY
PLUS It's Impossible
My Sweet Lord
COLUMBIA
199943
DAVID HOUSTON'S GREATEST HITS, Vol. 2
Nashville
10 MORE
EPIC
206706
GETZ/GILBERTO
STAN GETZ
JOAO GILBERTO
featuring Antonio Carlos Jobim
The Girl From Ipanema • 9 MORE
Verve
201111
THE 5th DIMENSION LIVE!!
Never My Love
21 MORE
BELL
(2-record set)
TWO-RECORDS COUNT AS ONE SELECTION
210161
RAY CONNIFF
LOVE STORY
PLUS Rose Garden
For All We Know
8 MORE
COLUMBIA
202705
Trans-Electronic Music Productions, Inc. presents
SWITCHED-ON BACH
COLUMBIA
171504
ENGELBERT HUMPERDINCK
Sweetheart
PLUS: For the Good Times
When There's No You
8 MORE
PARROT
199950
BARBRA STREISAND
STONEY END
PLUS Time and Love
9 MORE
COLUMBIA
200204
CAT STEVENS
TEA FOR THE TILLERM
PLUS Wild World
A&M
198911
BURT BACHARACH
One Less Bell to Answer
Close to You
9 MORE
A&M
203885
TONY BENNETT
SINGS HIS ALL-TIME HALL OF FAME HITS
I Left My Heart in San Francisco
Because of You
11 MORE
COLUMBIA
199836
JAMES TAYLOR
Sweet Baby James
WARNER BROS.
188367
The Best of Peter, Paul and Mary
TEN YEARS TOGETHER
WARNER BROS.
191809
ROBERTA FLACK
Chapter Two
ATLANTIC
196089
JERRY VALE
We've Only Just Begun
COLUMBIA
197657
E. POWER BIGGS' Greatest Hits
SCHUBERT: MARCHE MILITAIRE
COLUMBIA 10 MORE
176602
JEANNIE C. RILEY'S GREATEST HITS
Harper Valley P.T.A.
Things Go Better With Love
PLANTATION • 8 MORE
201830
Tom Jones
Sings SHE A LADY
PLUS Puppet Man
PARROT 9 MORE
205377
STEPPENWOLF GOLD
THEIR GREAT HITS
Born to Be Wild
Hey Lawdy Mama
Magic Carpet Ride
DUNHILL/ABC 8 MORE
201772
LYNN ANDERSON
YOU'RE MY MAN
PLUS Put Your Hand in the Hand
Joy to the World
8 MORE
COLUMBIA
206631
RICHARD STRAUSS
Also Sprach Zarathustra
Leonard Bernstein conductor
New York Philharmonic
COLUMBIA
202796
ARETHA FRANKLIN
live at fillmore west
Bridge Over Troubled Water
9 MORE
ATLANTIC
205526
SERGIO MENDES & BRASIL '66
GREATEST HITS
Fool on the Hill • 11 MORE
A&M
191817
CROSBY, STILLS & NASH
Suite: Judy Blue Eyes
9 MORE
ATLANTIC
183103
SIMON & GARFUNKEL
PARSLEY, SAGE, ROSEMARY & THYME
Homeward Bound
The Dangling Conversation
10 MORE
COLUMBIA
134429
ANDY WILLIAMS' GREATEST HITS
Moon River
Happy Heart
Born Free
Dear Heart
7 MORE
COLUMBIA
187666
JOHNNY CAS
AT FOLSOM PRISON
Jackson
15 MORE
COLUMBIA
164152



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Your own charge account will be opened upon enrollment . . . and the records you order as a member will be mailed and billed at the regular Club price of $4.98 or $5.98 each, plus processing and postage. (Multi-record sets are somewhat higher.)

You may accept or reject records as follows: every four weeks you will receive a new copy of the Club's music magazine, which describes the regular selection for each musical interest . . . plus hundreds of alternate selections.

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. . . if you want any of the other records offered, just order them on the selection card and return it by the date specified

. . . and from time to time we will offer some special albums, which you may reject by returning the special dated form provided . . . or accept by simply doing nothing.

You'll be eligible for our bonus plan upon completing your enrollment agreement — a plan which enables you to get one record of your choice free (only 25¢ for processing and postage) for every one you buy thereafter. Act now — fill in and mail the application today!

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a service of
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441/S72

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I am enclosing check or money order for $2.86 as payment for the 14 records indicated below. Please accept my membership application. I agree to purchase ten records (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years, and may cancel membership any time thereafter. If I continue, I'll be eligible for your bonus plan.

Write in numbers of 14 selections

All records will be described in advance in the Club Magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do not want any record, I'll return the selection card by the date specified . . . or use the card to order any record I want. If I want only the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing—it will be sent automatically. From time to time, I'll be offered special albums which I may accept or reject by using the dated form.

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss..
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address..

City..

State.. Zip Code..................

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ YES. ☐ NO

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THE UNFORGIVING MINUTE

by Paul Krassner

"Turgid tosh!" That's what the man from the Marijuana Commission replied to a reporter's question on "Meet the Press." What made it especially silly was that he intended to be serious. And yet, everything we *all* say is turgid tosh to, suppose, a being from outer space.

As it happens, I have my very own personal Being from Outer Space, invisibly traveling with me at all times, one to whose uninterrupted surveillance I always find myself responding, *Yes, Bos'*—a title based on its initial letters.

Recently there was a convention of Beings from Outer Space, although the general public has been led to believe that it was merely "Lunacon '72"—an annual convention of science-fiction fans. But beneath those adolescent grins, some pretty heavy extraterrestrial grokking was going around.

There was a party for all the guest panelists one night at the Statler-Hilton. A pair of Beings arrived together as a reporter team, indicating that there is no distinction made in Outer Space between *culture* and *counterculture*, for he was from the underground newspaper *New York Ace* and she was from the overground magazine *Business Week*.

Sexually speaking, Ms. Week was coming on quite strongly to the male science-fiction writers. This happened to be the evening of April Fool's Day, so there was a double context in effect as she proceeded to take down names, addresses, and telephone numbers. This was a way of learning that those who write about her kind are ofte.. themselves caught between horniness and loneliness. We Earth people have an ancient term—"cockteasing"—to describe her approach.

Well, as she was rubbing up against me with her feminine wiles, I heard a voice say, "Watch out. There's something insincere in her manner."

"Yes, Bos'," I mumbled.

"I beg your pardon?" inquired Ms. Week.

"Oh, nothing. I was just talking to my imaginary friend."

"She's just trying to manipulate you," continued Bos'.

So, as I was standing there with her pen and pad in hand, I found myself writing like a three-year-old might, very slowly and deliberately, letter by letter, until Mr. Ace came over and took the pen out of my hand. I hadn't known until then that they were, you know, a couple. Another ancient Earth term—"bird-dogging"—describes the process I'd now found myself inadvertently employing.

I never did finish printing my name. Instead, Mr. Ace handed me an article he'd written about the use of Robert Heinlein's *Stranger in a Strange Land* by the so-called Charles Manson cult. Ed Sanders had written in *The Family*, for example, that "to this day Manson's followers hold water-sharing ceremonies where Manson, in jail, magically takes a long-distance hit off a glass of water which is being stared at by a circle of sitting adepts."

Mr. Ace said that this ceremony "is an exact replica of the ones performed in the novel by its super-powered hero, Martian-raised Earthman Valentine Michael Smith. Heinlein readers will recall that Smith establishes a religion with a harem of beautiful women who worship his sexual prowess and often cry 'Thou art God!' at the moment of penetration, a phrase which Manson's girls also used under these circumstances."

Since I've been investigating the Manson case for the past several months for an article in *The Realist*, I can say with relative authority that Mr. Ace was just making up that part about the moment of penetration. Of course, I've tried saying "Thou art God!" myself at such moments of intimacy, but it always comes out something like "Thou artsy craftsy!" instead—accompanied by a most irreverent *skwush*.

As a matter of fact, the first dirty joke I ever heard was science-fiction-oriented:

It seems there was this group of Martians who came to Earth to compare methods of reproduction.

The Martians demonstrated theirs first. They mixed all sorts of chemicals in a flask, heated it over a Bunsen burner, poured it into a special mold, and, when it hardened, they proclaimed proudly: "Here is another healthy Martian baby!"

Now it was the Earthlings' turn.

"Miss Hotchkiss," said the chief researcher, "in the interest of science, would you care to perform intercourse with me?"

"You mean here on the lab table?"

They proceeded to make love, however, really getting involved in it, virtually forgetting that they were being carefully watched for intergalactic reasons.

When it was all over and they lay there sweating and panting, one of the Martians asked quietly, "Is that it?"

"Yup," said the chief researcher.

"What did you think of it?" asked Miss Hotchkiss.

"Where," queried one of the Martians, "is the little Earth baby?"

"Oh, that won't be here for another nine months."

"Well," pondered another Martian, "if it takes so long, then why were you two in such a hurry at the end?"

When I recalled this joke, I immediately told it to my personal Being from Outer Space, and the response was simply: "How weird is the sex life of you Earthlings. That procedure which you call 'fucking'—why, that's how *we* make automobiles."

I immediately made a date with Ms. Week, and at the moment of penetration, she gasped: "Thou art turgid tosh!" □

Paul Krassner is Editor and Zen Bastard of The Realist *($3 a year), and author of* How a Satirical Editor Became a Yippie Conspirator in Ten Easy Years *($7), available from The Realist, 595 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10012.*

JETHRO TULL
FEATURE ON PAGE 7

The St. Cleve Chronicle & Linwell Advertiser

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THICK AS A BRICK

JUDGES DISQUALIFY "LITTLE MILTON" IN LAST MINUTE RUMPUS

THE SOCIETY FOR LITERARY ADVANCEMENT AND GESTATION, (SLAG), announced their decision late last night to disqualify eight year old prizewinner Gerald (Little Milton) Bostock following the hundreds of protests and threats received after the reading of his epic poem "Thick as a Brick" on B.B.C. Television last Monday night.

A hastily reconvened panel of Judges accepted the decision by four leading child psychiatrists that the boy's mind was seriously unbalanced and that his work was a product of an "extremely unwholesome attitude towards life, his God and Country". Bostock was recommended for psychiatric treatment following examination "without delay". The first prize will now be presented to runner up Mary Whiteyard (aged 12) for her essay on Christian ethics entitled, "He died to save the little Children".

The Literary Competition, which was for children aged from 7 to 16 years of age, was sponsored by leading national newspapers and received thousands of entries from schools allover Britain. Mr. Humphrey Martin, the Headmaster of Moordale Primary School said Gerald, nicknamed "Little Milton" by his English master because of his poetic ability, was mentally advanced for his age, although inclined on occasions to obscure and verbose assertions which led him to being somewhat un-popular with his schoolmates He went on to say that without doubt the child had a great future academically and that his progress was unsurpassed in the history of Moordale Primary. Gerald and his parents moved to St. Cleve four years ago from Manchester when Mr. Bostock decided for health reasons to live away from the City. David Bostock now does occasional gardening work while his wife Daphne is well known to the Congregation of St. Cleve Parish Church for her activities in social work and her wonderful buffet luncheon at the fete last Saturday. Well done, Daphne! Mr. Bostock said this morning of "Little Milton's" disqualification, "We are heartbroken at the way the Judges changed their minds, and the loss of the prize money and scholarship means we shall find difficulty in paying the instalments on Gerald's Encyclopaedia Britannica. I shall have to do Dr. Munson's roses next week after all." When he heard of the decision against him, Gerald went to his room and locked the door. "Mrs. Bostock and I are sorely vexed at the way this has turned out", said Mr. Bostock of No. 6 Pollitt Close, St. Cleve.

Many local residents are also annoyed and hurt by the news and as some consolation to Gerald and his parents the St. Cleve Chronicle prints the full text of the disqualified poem this week on page 7.

G— r

Many of the viewers who heard Gerald read his work on the "Young Arts" programme on B.B.C. 2 felt that it was not one poem but a series of separate poems put together merely to appear impressive. Many of the viewers' complaints were centred around "Little Milton's" use of a four-letter word during the interview which followed his reading. The Producer of "Young Arts" Michael Fenwick said later, "We have come to expect that sort of language from adults on television these days, but to hear it from a child of eight is particularly depressing. When I was his age I did not even know what the word g — — r meant."



Flashback to last week's presentation dinner held in Gerald's honour by the Committee of the St. Cleve District Art and Literary Society at the Parrit Rooms. Left to right: Lord Clive 'Polly' Parritt, Mr. and Mrs. Bostock, Gerald Bostock, Lady Parrit, Julia, Gerald's chum with whom he writes poems.

ART DEMO FORCES CLOSURE

THREE poets and five painters were arrested yesterday afternoon outside Lady Parrit House after repeatedly causing disturbance and harassing members of the public visiting the museum and gallery throughout the day. They were demonstrating against gallery policy of showing only resident exhibition works, and resident exhibition works, and led by heavily bearded Ahab Gross demanded that the Gallery showed the "work of the people" and gave more attention to new and unknown local artists. Mr. Gross allegedly squirted a tube of Cadmium Yellow oil paint at a police constable and signed his name on the policeman's helmet. Aided by other scruffy members of the action group, Gross tied up the policeman and attempted to auction off the "work of art" to passers by. Said the unfortunate Constable Grimpace later, "I was absolutely disgusted. No one even made even made an offer to help me".



Ugly scenes as Constable Grimpace tries to calm the protesters.

Following the release of the policeman by a number of construction workers who were close at hand, the demonstration moved inside the Gallery where several works were damaged and obscene appendages were drawn on some fine old paintings of racehorses. The arrests took place following a scuffle involving the artists and a group of Womens Lib supporters from Burnley on a three-day outing. Several of the ladies were badly bruised and unfortunately their match with Chelsea F.C. tomorrow has had to be cancelled.

U.F.O. SIGHTING SENSATION

A statement has been issued following last Tuesday's night' alleged spotting of an unidentified flying "Object".

The following was related to staff reporter, Nigel Turpin, by policy constable Grimpace of the local constabulary.

"I was proceeding towards the junction of Tremlett Avenue and High Street, St. Cleve at approximately two minutes past eleve.: on Tuesday evening when my attention was called to a strange noise."

"Subsequent investigation revealed this to be a brightly lit object low in the southern sky over Linwell. After a few bad "noises" the "Phenomenon" flew away at an "Amazing speed" in the direction of the public library.

Hasty Snap

Fortunately I was able to make a photographic testimonial of the "Ship in the sky" (Reproduced above)".



The Grimpace object over the library.

The "photograph" and P.C. Grimpace are being "forwarded to East Anglia Divisional Headquarters" for "further enquiries".

LITTLE MILTON IN SCHOOL – GIRL PREGNANCY ROW

A fourteen-year old schoolgirl this week blamed her pregnancy on Gerald Bostock, the eight-year old poet at the centre of this week's major St. Cleve controversy.

The girl, 14-year old Julia Fenley, a junior member of the St. Cleve District Art and Literary Society and a poet in her own right, is known to have been friendly with Gerald for some time and has often written poems with him.

The accusation was outrageous, said her family doctor, and there was no question of Gerald Bostock being called upon for a medical test, since the girl was obviously lying to protect the real father, but in her state of anxiety showed no sign of changing her story.

Mrs. Daphne Bostock, Gerald's mother already much upset over the events of this week, told our reporter: "It's disgusting. She's always been jealous of my Gerald."

DIRECTOR ACCUSED

John Bowden, 35, managing director of Tremlett Avenue, St. Cleve, was remanded on bail until December 19 at the Assizes accused of dishonestly handling two blouses at the High Street, St. Cleve between October 13th and October 15th. Bowden was bailed in his own recognisance of £50.

Mongrel dog soils actor's foot

The cameras were rolling film actor Robert E. Levi was addressing his men in the making of his new film "Biggles and the snake-women" when a mongrel dog soiled his foot. The dog belonged to Japanese make-up artist Tatu Tuyu who recently became resident in St. Cleve. He explained later poor Poopsie was taken short. Picture on page 8.

HEAD INJURY

Fifty-two year old Sarah Pickles of the High Street, St. Cleve, cut her head when she tripped over while walking in the High Street, St. Cleve.


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Make love not war
MAKE LOVE NOT WAR. Dragon & mouse friend in gorgeous colors. 23" x 34".
P512. THREE PASSIONS HAVE GOVERNED MY LIFE. Famed Bertrand Russell quote; brown tones & blue. 22"x33½". Only 1.98
P505. THE BRAVE CAN STAND FIRM. Fine line drawing with multi-color background. 22"x32½". Only 1.98
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Past Recaptured, Held for Questioning

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The Pentagon, the world's largest warmaker, announced last week that the recall of more than 500,000 soldiers begun three years ago is nearing completion. The callback, which was initiated as the result of widespread complaints of "bogging down" and high operating costs from individuals who had bought the heavily advertised war when it came out in 1965, involves virtually every model soldier in the line, including the high-performance Marine, the sporty Green Beret, the rear-echelon Officer, and, accounting for over half of the total recall, the stripped-down Draftee, which had no options and came in black and white, with a red interior. Although there has been no official admission from the Pentagon, it is known that many, if not all, of the soldiers involved were inadvertently sent out without a rational purpose, a "minor oversight" according to Defense Department officials who refused to be identified and would not confirm or deny the claim. The absence of this component has apparently caused "hesitation," the annoying delay between the time an order is given and it is obeyed, "fragging," "mainlining," and a momentary loss of ideals. A large number of soldiers recalled also have missing parts, shot body work, and other major defects, and estimates of the number that ended up in the "graveyard" range as high as fifty thousand, but Pentagon officials said they could not be liable for repairs of

accidents that occurred as the result of normal service. They did say, however, that they would provide, free of charge, a whitewash and a Vietnamize job.

Ignored in the report by the President's Commission on Drugs and unmentioned by various political figures who have found its insufficiently hysterical attitude toward marijuana a potential liability in an election year are a long list of dangerous, but legal, chemicals and substances that are readily available, even to children, on every street corner in major cities. Among the most common of the hundreds of tons of toxic dregs that make their way to large cities from literally thousands of nonclandestine sources, usually called "factories," are: smog, or Los Angeles Yellow; soot (also known "on the street" as "shit," "trash," "choke," "gasp," "wheeze," "kack," "grunge," and "boo-hoo"), one of a number of easily obtainable dregs in the particulate family; nitrogen oxide, or "crying gas"; SDO (sulphur dioxide), DDT (dichloro-diphenyl-trichloro-ethane), MSG (monosodium glutamate), and CDO (cadmium oxide); the so-called palucinogens, "meth," or methyl mercury, and "slow," or lead; and carbon monoxide, hydrocarbons, and other carcotics. Most are taken through the nose or mouth in short inhalations called "breaths," but some are ingested directly, usually mixed with innocent-looking foods and beverages. Symptoms of dreg abuse vary widely, but the easiest ones to spot in habitual users, or "citizens," or "John Q. Public," as they are commonly referred to, include headaches, depression, lethargy, difficulty in breathing, fainting spells, exhaustion, and early death. Although none of these substances is addictive in a physiological sense, it is believed that more than 100,000,000 Americans are regular users.

Israeli authorities, who recently authorized the demolition of an eight-hundred-year-old Arab dwelling in Jerusalem to expose a hitherto unexcavated portion of the Wailing Wall, have revealed that there is "strong historical evidence" that the original wall—the sacred foundation of the Second Temple, which symbolizes to Zionists the legitimacy of their claim to Palestine—is "somewhat larger than had been thought" and have applied for permission to conduct "archaelogical studies of a purely exploratory nature" in Northern China, along the Scottish border, in Berlin, and around the city of Carcassonne, France.

continued



New York, New York: Manhattan patrolmen judge the winning entry in the Police Athletic League's first annual Auto-Stripping Derby, PAL's newest wrinkle in youth rehabilitation. The winner, Juan Jesus Santiago, completely gutted this 1972-model squad car in a record-breaking four minutes, thirty-three seconds and won a six-month 'round-the-yard vacation at the New York House of Detention.



Iowa City, Iowa: Drs. Masters and Johnson, coauthors of the best-selling inquiry into sexual behavior, began research this week on a sequel to their book, which treats the sexual implications of heavy petting. Pictured here, a typical pair of heavy petters are asked by a field researcher to permit the "bugging" of their activities on a portable tape recorder.

continued

Observers report that the seventh major Administration lie of the year, dubbed Subterfuge Glenda, is building up strength in the Pentagon, traditional breeding-ground for these often destructive shams. The hot-air mass, clouded rhetoric, and high-level hocus-pocus policy formulations that are the characteristic signs of the major false front that inevitably accompanies such topical deceptions were first spotted several weeks ago by alert humbug-watchers when Nixon Administration spokesmen denied any knowledge of ITT's contribution of funds for the GOP convention in San Diego prior to the settlement of the ITT merger case. Craft warnings have been out for more than a week, and trained mendologists now believe that Glenda will far exceed in destructiveness Lie Doreen of 1971, which swept through Washington late last fall with a gull-force clocked at more than False 9 on the Ziegler Scale in the aftermath of the India-Pakistan war, when the Nixon Administration denied having provided arms to Pakistan in contravention of Congressional orders. As one observer said: "It's really too early to tell. After all, these things are very tricky. It could veer into fallacy or just peter out in a bunch of local fibs, but, judging from the misreadings I've been getting, I think we're in for a whopper!"

Hopes are reportedly high among leaders of the Western European tourist industry that the European Security Conference being pressed for by the Soviet Union to discuss mutual troop withdrawals and the dismantling of outdated, cold-war-mentality defense arrangements, will result in vastly increased tourism by Russians throughout the continent and more than make up for the sizable drop in revenues from American tourism following the devaluation of the dollar and the slowdown in the U.S. economy. Their optimism is based in part on a recently completed study which shows that the quiet, well-disciplined Russian tourists, who usually travel in groups of fifty thousand or more, spend an average of twenty-seven years in the countries they visit.

The McGraw-Hill Book Company, which is still reeling from the Irvings/Hughes hoax, the discovery of large-scale plagiarism and fictionalizations in its best-selling *Memoirs of Chief Red Fox,* and a continuing lawsuit from a woman in New Jersey who seems likely to be able to prove to the court's satisfaction that she is not, as a McGraw-Hill book claimed, Amelia Earhart, has admitted that a close examination of its present inventory of manuscripts scheduled for publication during 1972 and 1973 has turned up

continued

TRUE FACTS

• Alan Enver, a fifty-year-old hiker, survived a six-day ordeal in New South Wales, where he and his wife were lost on a snow-covered mountain, only to die when he fell into a ravine as he waved to a rescue helicopter. His wife, Maibritt, was saved. (*New York Times*)

• Mrs. Anna Miteen complained to the Mason County, Michigan, Sheriff's Department that someone had stolen the thirty-five-foot-tall windmill from her farm. It was sawed off at the base and tracks indicated that it had been hauled away in a truck. (*New York Times*)

• Dr. Bernard Bender, a dentist convicted of fitting young men with braces to avoid the draft, has been sentenced to fifteen years in prison by Federal Judge A. Andrew Hauk, who said Bender's action "smacks of treason." (*New York Times*)

• American International Pictures Inc. plans a black version of the *Dracula* classic to be called *Blacula*. (*Wall Street Journal*)

• Premier Lon Nol says Cambodian soldiers who shot at a mythical monster that was believed to be devouring the moon during a recent eclipse wasted so much ammunition that the army might have run short in case of attack.

The soldiers were trying to drive away Reahou, a legendary monster who is a malevolent brother to the sun and the moon. According to tradition, only by making great noise could they prevent Reahou from gobbling up the moon during the eclipse, thus darkening their nights forever. (*New York Times*)

• A torso and head believed to be those of a missing New Jersey man whose two arms were found earlier this week in Pennsylvania have been discovered in garbage bags along Interstate 81 in Virginia.

State police investigators said the torso was located yesterday in Rockbridge County near Lexington, about fifty miles north of Roanoke, Virginia, and the head near Christiansburg, about thirty-three miles to the southwest. (*New York Post*)

• A California superior court jury recently voted to award $42,000 to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Pearson in their lawsuit against the Sav-On Drug Co., of Whittier, California. The sum represented the cost of raising their son, David Pearson, six, to age twenty-one. The drugstore accidentally filled forty-six-year-old Mrs. Pearson's prescription for birth-control pills with sleeping pills. (*AP*)

• A Greek professional strong man who made a $20,000 bet in November, 1967, that he could eat a whole car in four years has vanished one month before the end of the wager.

The strong man, thirty-four-year-old Leon Samson, signed a legal contract with Australian businessman John Katapodis to complete the task. (*New York Herald*)

• Attempts by the Department of Agriculture to persuade the Bureau of Engraving and Printing to remove the smoke from the smokestacks portrayed on some food stamps in the interest of ecology have met with the following protest from the assistant director of the Santa Clara County Department of Social Services:

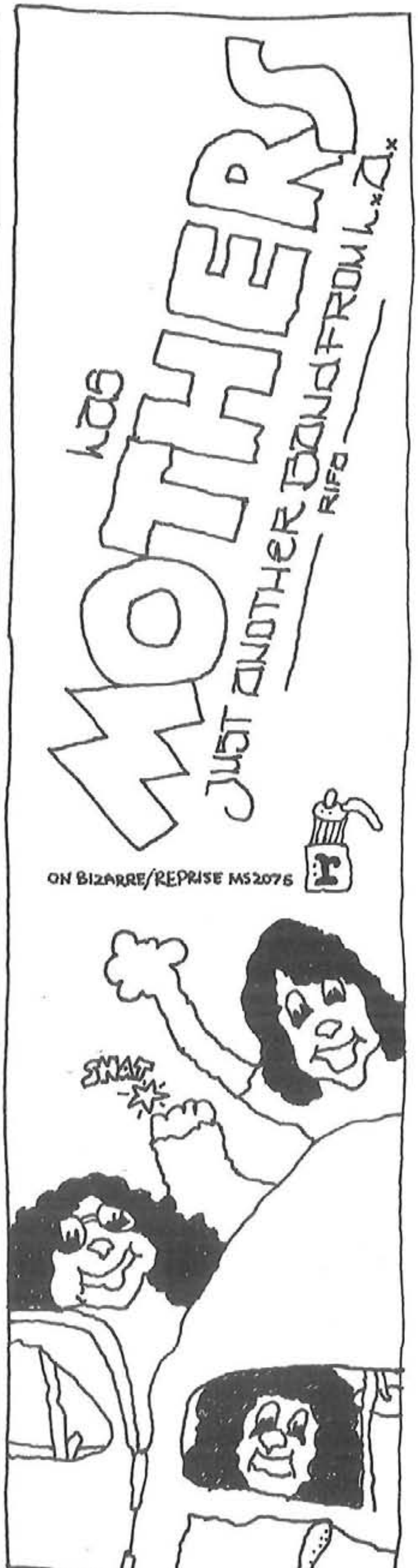
"This will undoubtedly have a beneficial effect on the air and pollution factor, but I am concerned with the psychological effect on the poor. These coupons are distributed to people who are in need. I fear that the constant sight of an idle factory on their coupons will intensify the feeling of defeat and hopelessness and the conviction that we are in the grip of a depression. I feel that the economic effect of portraying a busy, humming factory would outweigh the ecological advantage of curtailing the smoke." (*Environment Action Bulletin*)

• When Vernon Smithart of Davenport, Iowa, arrived home one day in February, a wrecking company had just finished demolishing his house.

Fred Bozarth, the owner of the wrecking firm, said he did the job because a woman identifying herself as Mrs. Smithart called and put in the order. Smithart, who has in the past received a number of things he never ordered, including pizzas, taxicabs, and fifteen tons of sand, has no wife.

A warrant has been issued for Bozarth's arrest for doing the work without a city permit. (*UPI*)

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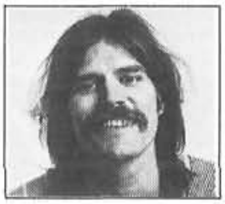
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additional "questionable material," including: *Moby-Fred*, a novel about a deranged Florida sportsfisherman's obsessive hunt for a legendary, white-colored tuna of unusual size; *How I Survived the Alamo, Little Big Run, and the Sinking of the Titanic, Only to Face Death Itself on the First-Class Veranda of the Hindenberg*, by a half-breed Nez Percé named Jim Umbrellastand; *Roy and Annie*, an emotional account of Judge Roy Crater's doomed love affair with Anastasia, which ended in bitterness and regret when the mysterious Russian princess bore Charles Lindbergh's baby; a collection of five nostalgic novels: *Tess of the Baskervilles, The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Casterbridge, The Mohicans of Wimpole Street, The Hound of the Chuzzlewits*, and *20,000 Leagues Under the Floss*, by "a relatively unknown Israeli author" named Chaim Laffingallawaytozabank; *Was Christ an Elk?*, an historical study based on a Dead Sea Scroll purportedly found in Lake Huron that suggests that the prophet Abraham spent three years managing a dry-goods store in Ypsilanti; *On My Honor*, a semiautobiographical work by Ted Kennedy, as told to Billy Sol Estes; and *Frostings*, a collection of humorous material by David Frost, which, although six months away from publication, is already the subject of 53,428 plagiarism suits.

Although inquiries regarding the precise timetable and schedule of the Nixon trip to Russia in late May have met with some of the same uncommunicativeness on the part of White House staffers as reporters encountered prior to the China trip, some details of the journey are known. At some point the Presidential party will visit the Bolshoi to see a "Marxist-Leninist" version of *Swan Lake*, in which it becomes necessary for thousands of wood nymphs to invade the lake to save the swans from "evil birds massing on the west shore." Pat will sample the cuisine at a slave labor camp, play chess with leading writers in an insane asylum, and chat with a typical family of dissidents, then "finger" them for the secret police. Both the President and his wife will also presumably learn to eat with microphones according to the Russian custom.

The President and his advisor for national security affairs, Henry Kissinger, will visit the Ministry of Pain and Fear to pick up a few "pointers." Secretary of State Rogers will meet to discuss pressing world problems with the Deputy Minister of Electrification and the Minister of Low-Pressure Steam Production (0–100 pounds per square inch). If he is in town, the Minister of High-Pressure Steam Production (100–500 pounds per square inch) will also sit in. The entire party will attend a dinner in their honor in the Hall of the Recumbent Masses, Both Those Who Are Actually Asleep and Those Who Are Only Faking, where Yevgeny Yevtushenko, the noted poet, will deliver an ode in their honor, unless he is out of favor with the regime for his recent savage attack on leaky bicycle pumps and rigged meat scales. On their departure, they will be promised a pair of Czechoslovaks for the Washington Zoo.

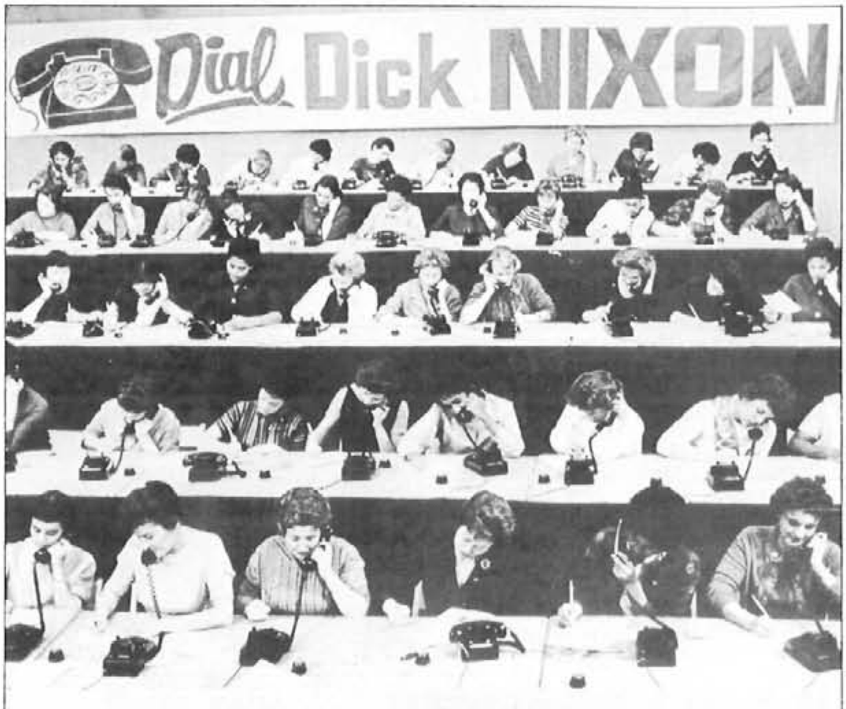


Chagrin Falls, Ohio: Rufus Perlman shows the reason he was designated as this year's recipient of the American Dental Association's coveted "Worst Teeth" award. Perlman attributes his remarkably deteriorated teeth to a strict regimen of polishing, massage, and gum stimulation with peanut brittle and chocolate-covered caramels.

It has been learned that General Motors is currently doing research with test drivers in full-scale dummy cars to learn more about the damage caused to automobiles during accidents by projecting parts of the human body. Spokesmen for the giant automaker claim that over half of the cost of repairs following most relatively minor accidents is caused by "driver impact," resulting in shattered windshields, rupture of the steering column, staining of upholstery, and damage to delicate dashboard instruments. "The kneecaps, skull, and elbows are the real problem areas," according to one company spokesman, who said that GM is concentrating on two possible "passive" systems. In the first, the door is automatically flung open and the driver is ejected on impact, and in the second, a variation of the proposed safety balloon being touted by some consumer groups, a loaded shotgun shell mounted in the steering column detonates at the moment of collision, firing a heavy load of buckshot at the driver, thus throwing him back in his seat and keeping

him away from the control panel. "It's that bozo behind the wheel," said the spokesman. "If we could get rid of him, we'd save a lot of cars that are ending up in the graveyard."

Opposition appears to be building in Vietnam to President Nixon's policy of using massive bombing to achieve de-escalation. Air Force bombing has been used throughout the South during the sixties as a result of Pentagon-ordered pacification plans aimed at widespread patterns of de facto infiltration in a number of villages, particularly in the Delta, but except for a period in the late sixties during which the Johnson Administration made a highly publicized attempt to apply the same methods to achieve large-scale decimation in the North, the vast majority of the bombing has taken place south of the MacNamara Line. According to almost any test of public opinion, the bombing is extremely unpopular. The South Vietnamese insist that it "cripples" their children, denies them a "quality existence," and destroys the "neighborhood" concept by destroying the neighborhood, but Defense Department officials feel bombing has become a code word for Communism and that any moratorium would lead to the reestablishment of "lily-red" districts. □



Pontiac, Michigan: In an effort to meet the growing telephone needs of specific consumer groups, the Bell Telephone Company recently invited all city parents with children involved in the new "bussing" program to make their irate calls to the President on a special "hate line." At the end of four hours of phoning, White House operators logged 3,176 death threats, 10,678 obscenities, and 3,113 "gurgling noises."



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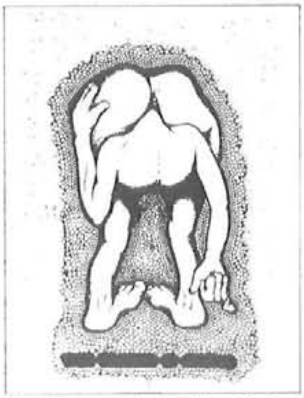
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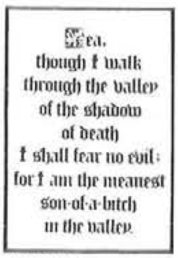
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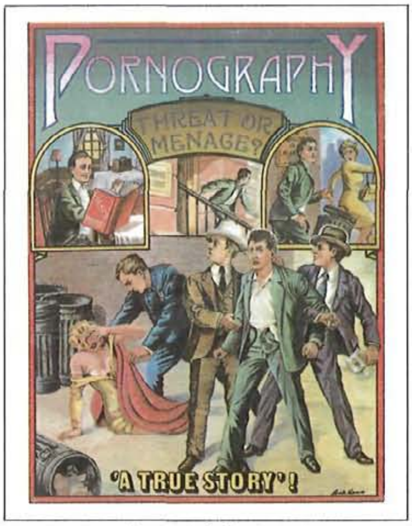

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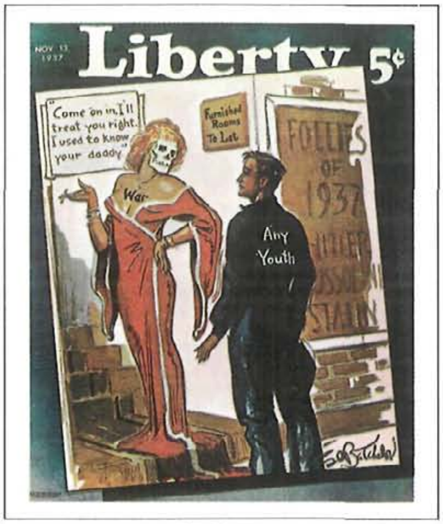


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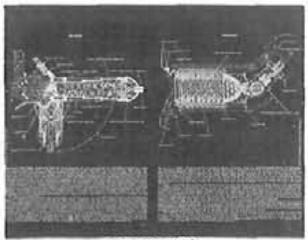


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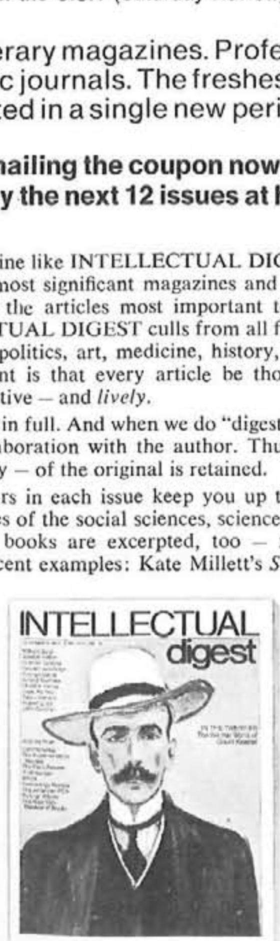
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FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: With Siddhartha Classy Comics, the Special Stoned Section, The Great Automobile Revolt, the 1791 *Rolling Stone* parody, Instant Yoga, and Woodstockade.
MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.
APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.
MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual; Toilets of the Extraterrestrials; Printout, the computer magazine; and The 1906 *National Lampoon*.
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AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE: With Defeat Comics; the Canadian Supplement; Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?; As the Monk Burns; Welfare Monopoly; and (Classified), the CIA newsletter.
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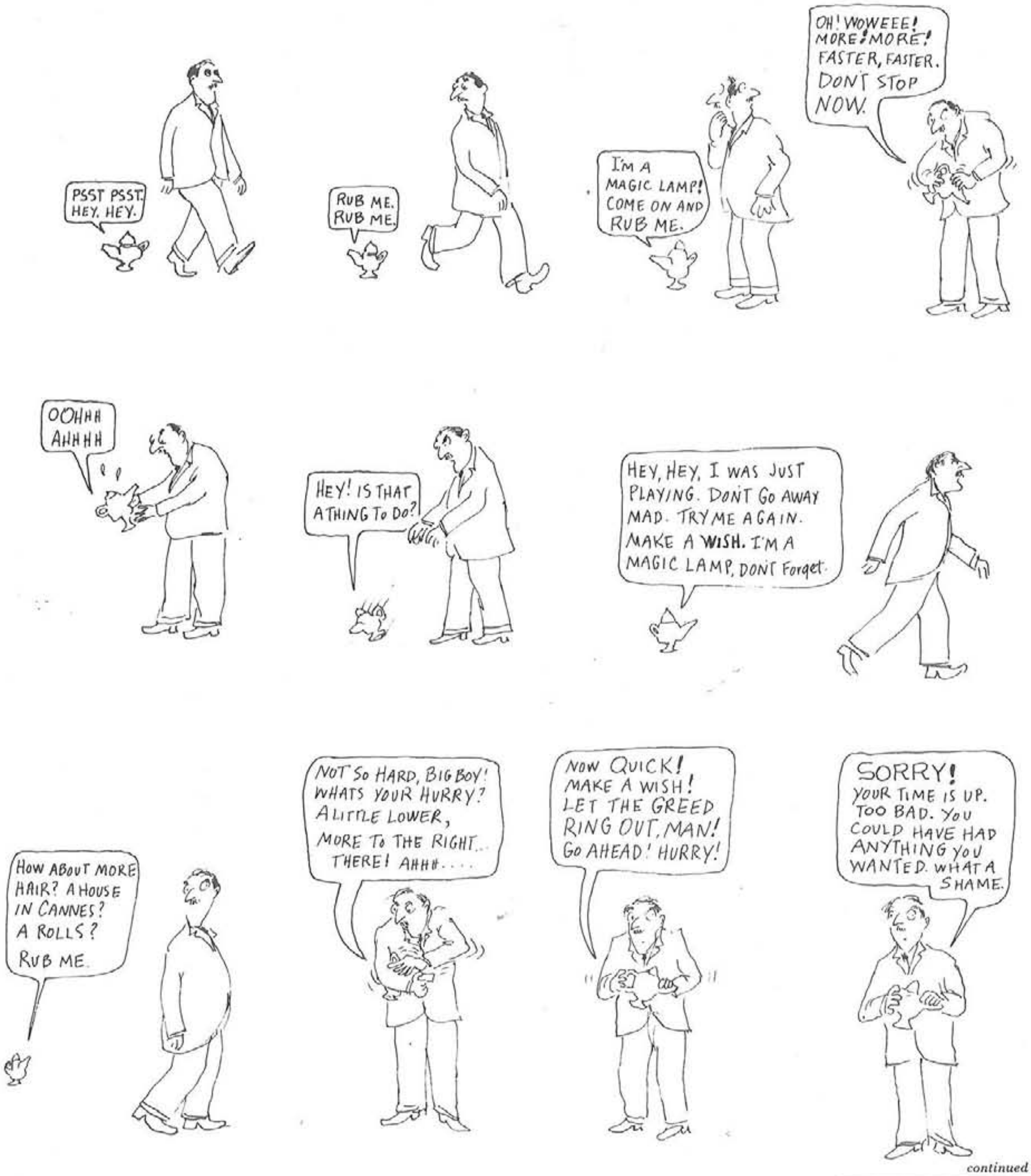
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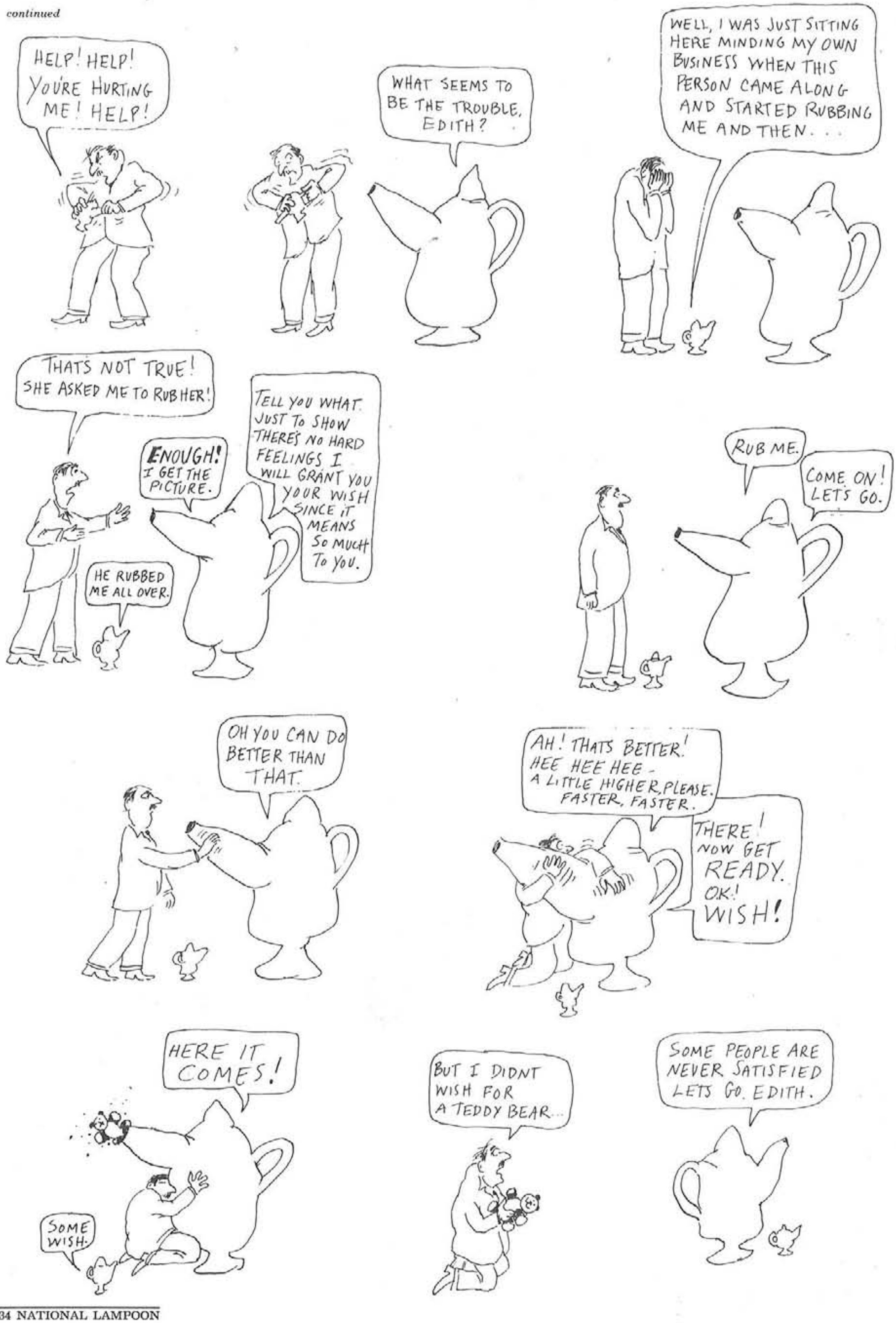
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The Magic Lamp

by M. K. Brown



continued


HELP! HELP! YOU'RE HURTING ME! HELP!
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE TROUBLE, EDITH?
WELL, I WAS JUST SITTING HERE MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS WHEN THIS PERSON CAME ALONG AND STARTED RUBBING ME AND THEN. . .
THATS NOT TRUE! SHE ASKED ME TO RUB HER!
HE RUBBED ME ALL OVER.
ENOUGH! I GET THE PICTURE.
TELL YOU WHAT. JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO HARD FEELINGS I WILL GRANT YOU YOUR WISH SINCE IT MEANS SO MUCH TO YOU.
RUB ME.
COME ON! LET'S GO.
OH YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT.
AH! THATS BETTER! HEE HEE HEE - A LITTLE HIGHER, PLEASE. FASTER, FASTER.
THERE! NOW GET READY. OK! WISH!
HERE IT COMES!
SOME WISH.
BUT I DIDNT WISH FOR A TEDDY BEAR...
SOME PEOPLE ARE NEVER SATISFIED LETS GO. EDITH.

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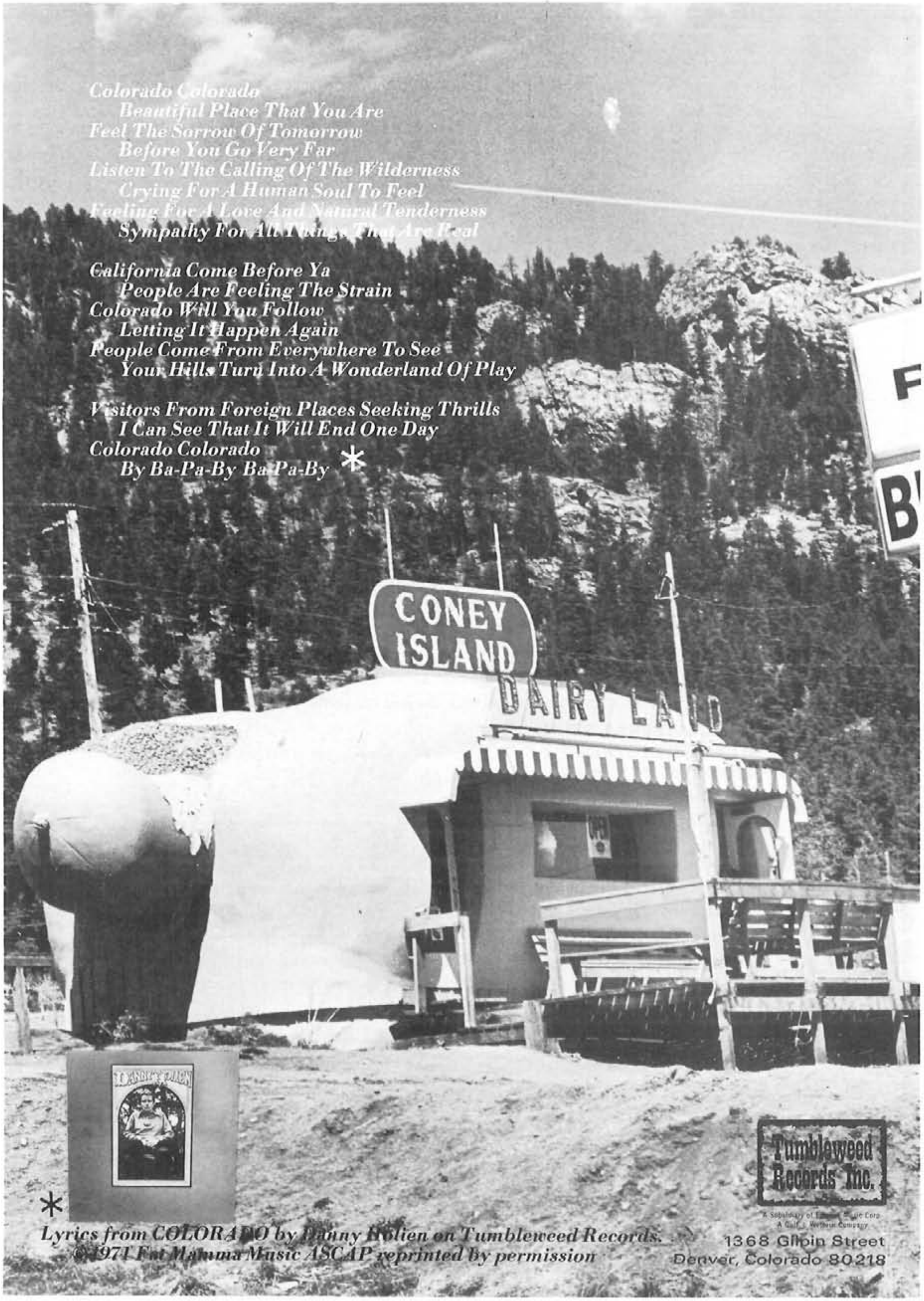
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Sympathy For All Things That Are Real

California Come Before Ya
People Are Feeling The Strain
Colorado Will You Follow
Letting It Happen Again
People Come From Everywhere To See
Your Hills Turn Into A Wonderland Of Play

Visitors From Foreign Places Seeking Thrills
I Can See That It Will End One Day
Colorado Colorado
By Ba-Pa-By Ba-Pa-By *
CONEY ISLAND
DAIRY LAND
*
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THE KFAX-TELEVISION STUDIO BUSTLES WITH ACTIVITY... THE ACTORS TAKE THEIR PLACES... THE DIRECTOR CUES THE CAMERAMEN... AND ALL AMERICA IS ABOUT TO SIT BACK IN THEIR EASY CHAIRS TO WATCH...
THE LAST TV SHOW
KFAX
FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS, KIDS, IT'S TIME FOR ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED EPISODE OF CAPTAIN FRED AND HIS ROCKET SQUAD!
WHEN WE LEFT CAPTAIN FRED, PRINCESS NOVA, AND BLASTER THE "ASTRO-PUP," THE EVIL TREE-MEN HAD JUST ATTACKED THE SHIP WITH A DEADLY SPACE-TORPEDO!
CAMERA 1
CAPTAIN FRED, LOOK OUT!
NOW... HIT THE SWITCH!
Racing Form
OKAY, CUT TO TWO...
BRUCE JONES


BUT UNFORTUNATELY FOR CAPTAIN FRED...
OOPS!
THA-BOOM
..."SPECIAL EFFECTS" WAS NOT THE PROGRAM'S STRONG POINT.
WELL (COUGH), HERE WE ARE, UH, ON THE TREE-MEN'S PLANET. GOOD THING I HAVE MY ION GUN!
49¢
IT'S JAMMED! PERHAPS I CAN REASON WITH-- WHAT THE...?
PERHAPS REASON WITH TH CREATU
THAT GODDAMN FUCKING MUTT JUST PISSED ON MY FEET! IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PUT UP WITH ANY MORE OF THIS SH--
YIIEEEE!
LATER...
WELL, YOU MEATBALLS HAVE FINALLY DONE IT!
KFAX
CAPTAIN FRED
...I JUST GOT A CALL FROM THE PRODUCER, AND AFTER NEXT WEEK'S SHOW, "CAPTAIN FRED" IS CANCELED!
QUITE TO THE CONTRARY, GENTLEMEN...
AHH, AFTER ALL, IT IS 1955! KIDS NOWADAYS ARE TOO SMART FOR ALL THIS "SPACE" BUNK....
HUH?
YOUR PROBLEM IS SIMPLY THAT YOUR PROPS ARE TECHNICALLY OBSOLETE! MY COMPANY WOULD HAPPILY EQUIP YOUR PRODUCTION WITH...
...CONVINCING SPECIAL EFFECTS!
SAY, THAT'S A BEAUT! CONSIDER YOURSELF ON THE PAYROLL!
2



BY THE NEXT SHOW, THE NEW PROP MAN HAD BROUGHT NEW LIFE TO THE FAILING SERIES....
HOLD ON, NOVA! I'LL GET HIM...
...WITH MY NUCLEONIC PSI-BEAMER!
NO! NOT THAT ONE!
YOU IDIOT! DON'T SHOOT!
ZZZURPPAT!
HO-LEE COW!
SUDDENLY, THE STUDIO FELL QUIET....
C-CHOKE!
TH-THAT RAY GUN ACTUALLY (GASP)... WORKS!
OF COURSE IT "WORKS," YOU PATHETIC SIMPLETONS, JUST AS THIS ONE DOES!
WHA...?
YOU SEE, MY STARSHIP WAS FORCED BY IRREPARABLE TECHNICAL DIFFICULTIES TO LAND ON THIS PRIMITIVE PLANET. SINCE I NEEDED SOMEWHERE TO WORK ON A NEW CRAFT, WHAT BETTER PLACE TO MASK MY ACTIVITIES THAN IN A STUDIO WHERE MY TOOLS COULD PASS UNNOTICED!
3


IN REALITY, I AM NO MORE ONE OF YOU THAN THESE, MY CREWMEN, ARE CHILDISH MECHANICAL TOYS! AND SPEAKING OF "MASKS"...
...PERHAPS IT IS TIME TO PUT AN END TO THIS MASQUERADE AS WELL!
OH NO, MY FRIENDS, PLEASE DON'T THINK OF MAKING YOUR ESCAPE! BECAUSE AS YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELVES...
...I HAVE ALREADY MADE MINE!
KFAX
CAPTAIN FRED
DARN! THAT WAS REALLY GETTING GOOD, TOO! I WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO NEXT WEEK?
YEAH...
THE END



An Anthology of Next Year's Best Science Fiction

by Brian McConnachie

OH NO!
by Jan Rouzer
Christmas is coming and Thad and Ulva have no money. Thad hocks his ray gun to buy Ulva a new gravity suppressor. Ulva hocks her body battery pack to buy Thad a new holster for his ray gun. When Christmas morning comes and the presents are opened, both quickly become saddened at the useless gifts and remain reticent for the rest of the holiday season.

THE PRINCE AND THE PIE PAN
by George Wexler
Prince Kragar of Pluto is to marry the wealthy but unattractive Hortense Veene for political reasons. In a plan to escape this he changes clothes with his valet and cuts two holes in a pie pan to wear over his face and escapes to Earth as a robot. Once there, he gets a job as a hoofer in the revival of Cole Porter's *Anything Goes*. After the show closes he wonders aloud what life would be like on planet Grus but decides it's too far away to realistically consider, and besides, it might not even have air.

SPACE TRAMPS
by G. G. Almond
Leather-clad beauties from outer space invade Earth to hawk their bodies, with each featuring, among other things, six sets of breasts, three buttocks, and eleven vaginas. In exchange for their favors, these solar sluts make the Earthmen admit humiliating things about themselves, recite the Pledge of Allegiance backwards, and eat cigar butts till they vomit. At the end of the book, the space tramps get V.D. and have to fly home to their clinics.

THE ASTRONUTS!
in DIZ MUST BE DA PLAAZZE
by Claud Trumbell
Kosmic kutups Stu, Winky, and Dan are back again, and this time they try to build a weather station on Mercury, and, if they have the time and material, to also build a greenhouse. But mishap follows mayhem and the trouble-prone trio get little accomplished before the book runs out. In an afterword author Trumbell sights an accidental blow to Winky's noggin that would do in most normal people. He apologizes and says he didn't intend to have Winky hit that hard.

WAR OF THE UNIVERSES
by Peter Admad Bohee
The universe right next to ours breaks its peace treaty and decides to invade. A terrible war follows that results in the total distruction of both universes. The only things left after the holocaust are a merkin, a bus transfer ticket, and a piece of somebody's thumb.

ROGER CORBETTE
by Dan Quiggly Palmington
The big football game between Earth and Mars is coming up, with Earth the slight favorite due to the superior playing ability of Roger Corbette, All-Solar System. But just before the game the leader of the Earth suspends Roger for cheating. Without Roger, Earth doesn't stand a chance, but the leader will not relent. Earth suffers an ignominious defeat, and afterwards, at the investigation into Corbette's cheating, it is revealed not only that he cheated but that he lied and he recited the Pledge of Alle-

continued

continued

giance backwards with cigar butts in his mouth.

A PERFECT DAY FOR BANANA FISH FROM MARS
by Mickey Turly

A disturbed young war veteran is playing in the water with a little girl. He points out all of the Martian banana fish to her. The child doesn't see a thing and asks him if some of his gyro jets haven't come unscrewed. He leaves her in the water, walks to his hotel, goes up in the elevator, into his room, over to his suitcase, and takes out a Morgan Guarantee two-beam ray repeater. He goes back to the beach. With the ray gun pointed at her little blond head, he asks her once more if she can see the Martian banana fish. This time she answers affirmatively and with no wisecracks.

MOON STATION ZERO
by Bart Perlmutter

Two young space-pal playmates slip and fall into a deep crater on the dark side of the Moon. Their calls for help go unheard. With night quickly falling, it'll soon get much darker than it already is, making it doubly hard for any rescue team to locate the lads. Since it is the job of Moon Station Zero to help Earth people who get lost or fall down on the Moon, it is Moon Station Zero who gets fully blasted by the media when the bodies of the two children are found. A subsequent investigation into Moon Station Zero's activities reveals that they made rescued people strip so they could check their clothes for radiation poisoning but would not return the garments; at the holding center, people were forced to sleep sixteen and seventeen to a bed; gang showering was common; meals consisted of powered oats and glycerin; young girls were kept there for indefinite periods of time with little effort made to return them home; and young men were impressed into shoveling coal. Moon Station Zero cites these as isolated incidents and places the blame on the Administration for their drastic budget cuts, necessitating severe personnel rollbacks.

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA, NEPTUNE
by Paul Babcock

A robot manufacturer sends his servant into town to pick up some fresh pastries and rocket fuel. The servant comes home white with terror and tells his master that he was jostled by Death in the marketplace. He pleads for the use of a fast rocket-ship and directions to Samarra, Neptune. Later that day the master goes to the marketplace to ask Death why he frightened the servant. "Oh, was that your servant? I didn't know who it was. We were both going after the same pastry and I wanted it. But since you're here, it saves me a trip. . . ." "Oh no you don't." "What do you mean 'Oh no you don't'? Who the hell do you think you're talking to, your mother? Come on." And Death takes the manufacturer away.

BECAUSE MY HEART WON'T LET MY FEET TAKE A CHANCE
by Dick Nagourny

Space Cadets decide to hold their prom on the Moon. They decorate the area with giant streamers, balloons, and crepe-paper statues of Drs. Goddard and Van Braun. All systems are go except for one: some prankster space-jockey spikes the orange-flavored Tang with nitrous oxide. The first victims to the prank gleefully tear off their spacesuits before they can be stopped. Their lungs immediately collapse, caving in their chests; their bodies spastically jerk and twist in convulsive arches as blood spews from their mouths, noses, and ears; the remaining oxygen evaporates from their pores; their flesh instantly withers, reducing their size by a quarter and leaving them unrecognizable as humans. Those lucky enough to escape this fate travel home from the prom in silence and do not stick their bare behinds out the spaceship window at other passing ships as is usually the custom.

EARTH AND THE PURPLE PROS
by Major DuBois

A pandemic plague of purpura breaks out on Earth, giving the population purple-colored skin. With everyone in this condition, no one wants to go out or take anyone else out. But the situation is altered when some visitors from Saturn, who have purple skin to begin with, find us quite attractive and begin asking us out. They take us to movies and dinner, but we soon find out what their real motives are, and we decide to call the whole thing off. We make up lame excuses when they call us, and we don't answer their letters. After they stop trying to contact us, we find ourselves lonely and despondent and often engaging in cruel, senseless arguments with our grandparents.

A SPACE STORY
by Norma Levine

After a movie and sodas, Randy and Jan rocket over to the Sea of Tranquillity to pitch a little woo. Both are unaware that the area has recently been plagued by a murdering rapist monster with hooks for hands. Inside the steamed-up space scooter Randy's hands wander a bit too far for Jan's liking, and she slaps his face. Not wanting any more frustration and face slaps, Randy abruptly starts up the rocket and tears away. At Jan's house, Randy hops out and walks around to open Jan's door. It's then that he sees it and gives out a startled yell. Someone or something had printed "Wash me" in dust on the side of his space scooter.

ONE HUMANOID, ONE VOTE
by Marshall Langford

Interplanetary lawyer Johnny Apollo argues before the highest court in the Galaxy that Moonmen should be given the vote. He points out, as frivolous as they may seem, they would never go to the bathroom in their safety-deposit vaults "like some people we know who shall go nameless." Johnny wins his case, and voting booths are installed on the Moon, but they're not properly weighted down and they go floating off into space, which is just as well because the Moonmen thought they were supposed to crap in them.

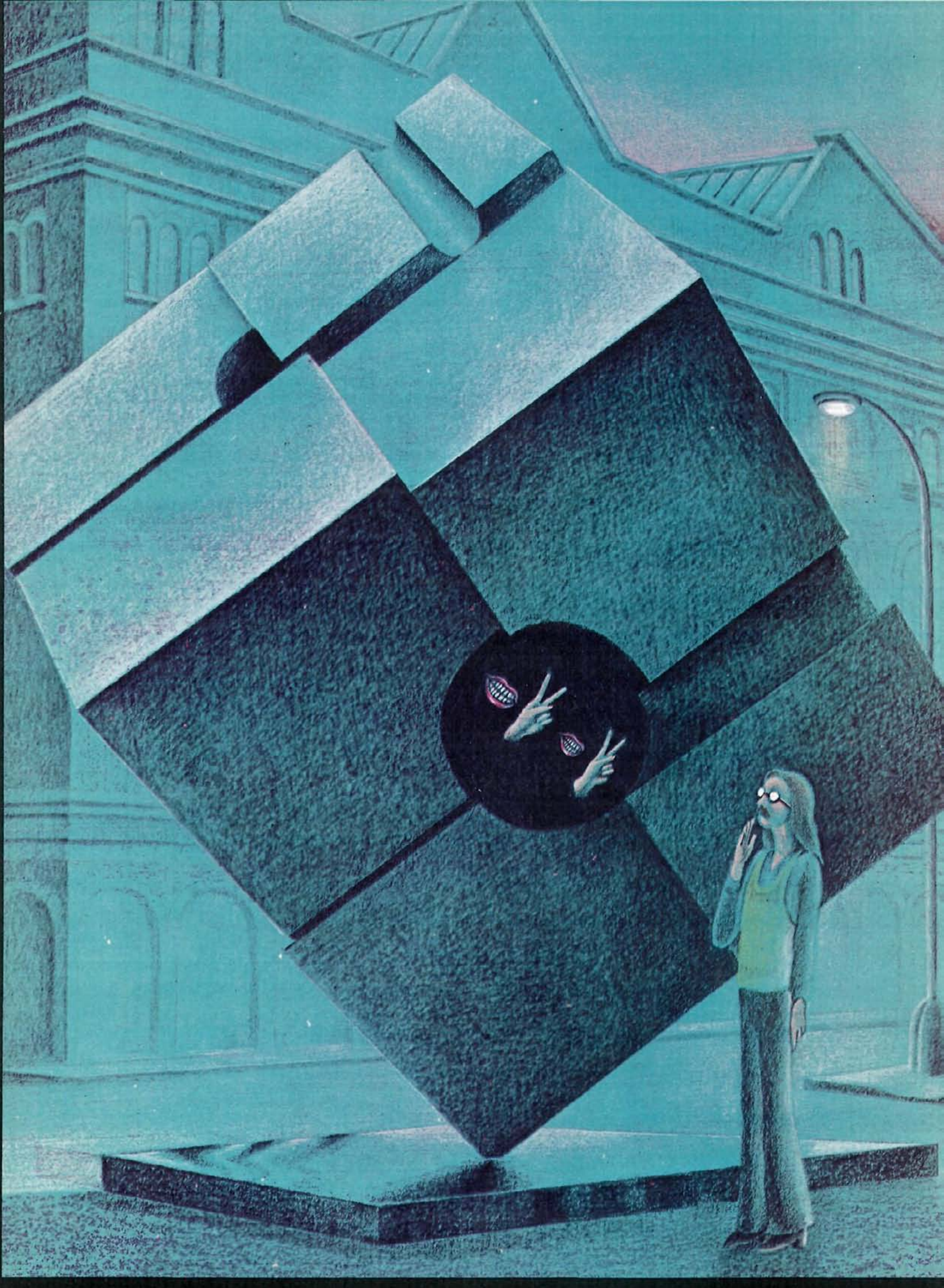
REMEMBERING SOMETHING IMPORTANT
by Pat Kline

Ignoring safety rules, Tony and Paul recklessly race their space scooter as they drink from a bottle of crater wine. Just before Paul passes out he remembers a film he once saw, produced by the Ohio State Space Patrol. It showed, in gruesome detail, accidents that resulted from careless space flight. Paul tugs on Tony's sleeve and makes him pull over, where they both rest until they're sober enough to drive.

THE LADY AND THE HESPERORNIS
by Monte Perroit

A captured Earthman is forced into an arena and made to choose between two doors. Behind one is a very charming and interesting woman with a marvelous sense of humor. Behind the other is a hesperornis. Trembling with fear, the Earthman chooses the door on the left. It slowly opens, revealing darkness beyond. From within, a strange animal noise echoes out. Rigid in anticipation, the Earthman waits, and sees an ugly gray duck waddle into the light. "You have chosen the hesperornis, Earthman." And everyone laughs. In a mixture of relief and nervousness, the Earthman laughs along with them until the small animal bites him quite hard on the shin, making him scream out in pain. The crowd laughs louder. Rubbing his wound, the Earthman looks up at them and says, "You people . . . I tell ya . . . is that it? Is that the joke?" "Yup, that's it." □


FOTO FUNNIES
CHEESE!
WHAT'S THAT?
NATIONAL LAMPOON
IT'S FULL OF JOKES AND STUFF.
IS IT ANY GOOD?
WELL...
...THEY DO SLIP IN SOME OCCASIONAL PORNO!



Pipe Dream

by Chris Miller

"Grass? Acid? Reds?" The voice belonged to a gaunt, stringy-haired character crouched in the doorway of a head shop that had closed for the night. I needed grass, all right, so I gave him a second look, but it confirmed my initial impression—a creep. Sixth Avenue is full of creeps these days.

"Which did you want?" I said, starting to dig through my pockets. The guy gave me a confused look and walked away muttering.

I continued on up the street to visit my friend Bobby. If I told you Bobby's real name, you'd recognize it immediately, since today he's a famous and revolutionary metal sculptor. Then, however, on that final day before the green pellets, he was what he'd always been, a starving craftsman who eked out a living selling his copper jewelry to tourists. He had recently announced the invention of a perfect roach clip, also made from copper, and it was this that I was going to see him about. With Christmas a week away, I planned to buy a bunch of them to give as presents. Under the depressed conditions of my personal finances, they were about all I could afford.

In the time it took to walk another two blocks, I was hassled by a second dealer, a salesman of radical newspapers, a phony fund solicitor "for Phoenix House," and at least seventeen panhandlers of all ages and colors. The Village used to be a hell of a lot of fun, but these days it's like walking through an old "Terry and the Pirates" strip. Longtime residents don't like it much, but what can you do? I usually keep my mouth shut, ignore the ubiquitous pleas for bread, and walk where I'm going.

That's why I was a little surprised at myself when a longhair approached me at Thirteenth Street and I stopped to listen to his story.

"I'm from Colorado, man. Me and my old lady, Sunshine, are on our way home from a rock festival up in Boston and we ran out of bread. All we need is fuel for our van. Any spare change you got would sure help."

There was a special tone in his voice that seemed to say, *Hey, man, I'm not like all these hustlers; this is straight ahead.* I figured him to be about my age, which is twenty-five. He had shoulder-length blond hair and wore a dark, shapeless cloak. His eyes got me. They were deep, blue, and friendly, and, unlike New York eyes, they looked right at you. His being from Colorado didn't hurt either, since I had traveled there during the previous summer and the mountain freaks had treated me well.

"How was the festival?" I asked, still checking him out.

"Out of sight, man. My group got to go on right before Van Morrison, which is like really good exposure for us."

"Group?"

"Yeah, that's right. I play lead guitar and sing. My name's Norman." He stuck out his hand and gave me the Movement handshake.

He was definitely getting to me now. I was a musician myself, also a guitarist and, I hoped, a songwriter . . . though I'd been doing little enough of the former and none of the latter in recent days. Anyway, broke or not, I decided to give the dude a hand.

"Well lookit, Norman," I said, "I'd like to lay some bread on you, but I don't have any change." I pointed to the Goin' Chicken Crazy stand across the street. "Why don't we go in there and eat something. Then I can hit you up with some funds. You must be starved anyway if you're saving all your money for gas."

"Well, yeah, you know . . ." He smiled and shrugged his shoulders. Soon we were sitting at a much-carved table and an Oriental chick wearing an Afro (if you can dig that) was setting two tubs of fried drumsticks in front of us. I handed her the twenty I was carrying for the roach clips and turned to Norman just in time to see him bite off half a drumstick, bone and all, and sit there chewing it happily with loud crunching sounds. I watched, mouth hanging open, waiting for him to begin picking splinters from his gums, but instead he swallowed the entire mouthful and began on the other half of the leg. Did he know something I didn't? I tried a tentative crunch on one of my own drumsticks and almost chipped an incisor.

"Uh, how you do that, man?"

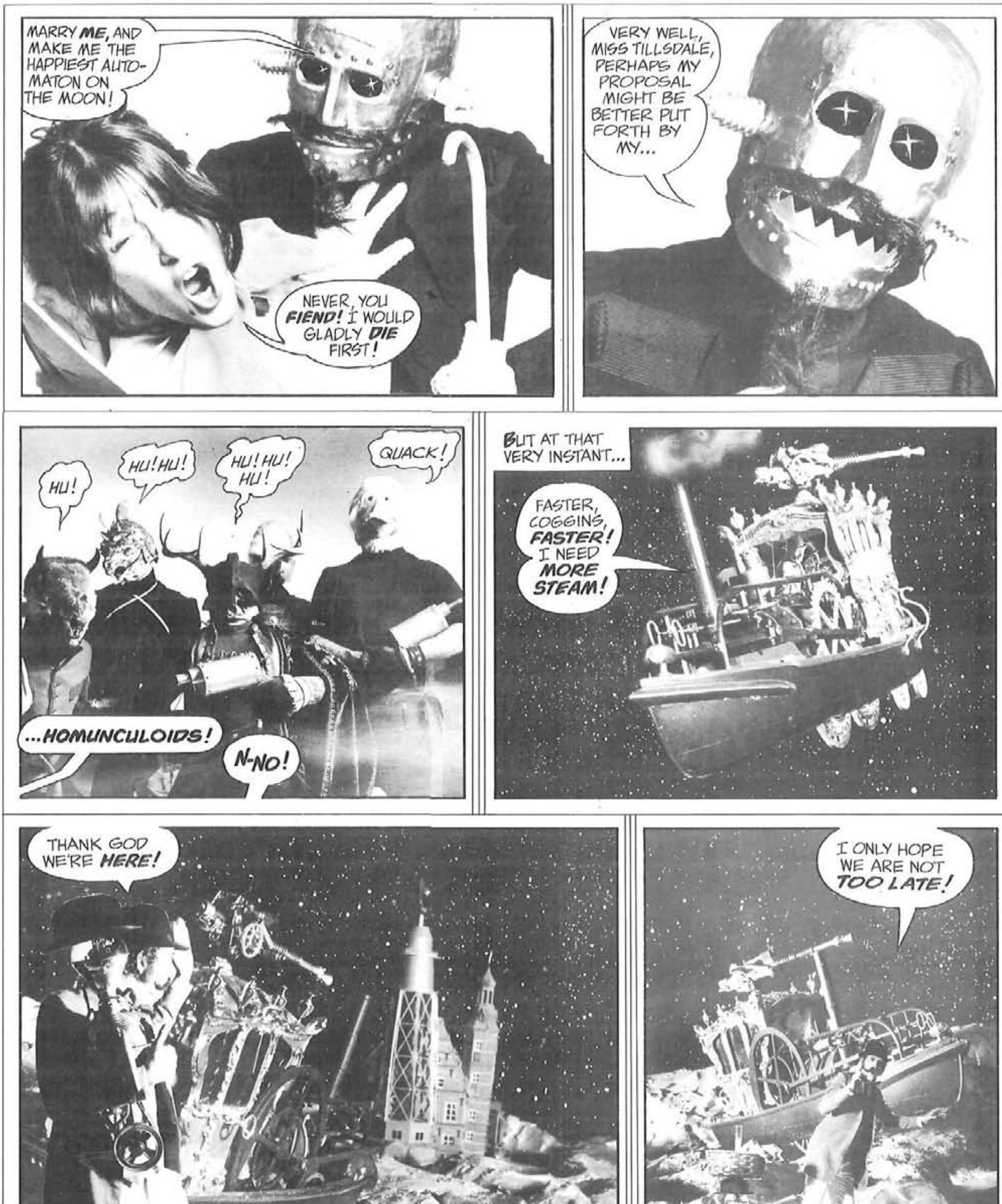
Norman looked first uncomprehending, then rueful. He went into a long story about how his digestive system was very unusual and he'd still be in a hospital hassled with curious doctors and radioactive cobalt solutions if he hadn't split a few years ago. I told him I could understand such physical peculiarities, having once had a friend who could pour a sixteen-ounce can of beer directly down his throat without swallowing, and that he could count on me not to mention

continued on page 52

Illustration by Fred Marcellino


MISS AGATHA TILLSDALE
An Interrupted Luncheon
OR
PERIL FROM THE CLOUDS
SIR PENNYWORTH
DOCTOR ROTOR
COGGINS: THE NUMERICAL ENGINE
written by
DOUG KENNY
directed by
WETPLATE O'SULLIVAN
BILL SKURSKI
CLOUD STUDIO
SIR BERTRAM PENNYWORTH, THE NOTED INVENTOR, ENJOYS AN AUTUMN FROLIC IN THE DEVONSHIRE COUNTRYSIDE WITH HIS FIANCÉE, AGATHA TILLSDALE.
...AND I TRUST THE NEW DEVICE I'VE TINKERED TOGETHER WILL ALTER THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S VIEW OF ETHEREAL TRAVEL!
MY CONFIDENCE IN YOU IS UNFLAGGING, BERTIE.
HIC!
...BUT ABOVE THIS IDYLLIC SCENE HOVERS A MALEVOLENT FORM.
THE DARK FIGURE SWOOPS LOW....
MORE CLARET, MY DEAR?


AWK!
AGATHA!
THIS SMACKS OF MY ARCHENEMY DR. ROTOR'S EVIL HAND! TO THE IRONWORKS AT ONCE, COGGINS!
RIGHT YOU ARE, GUV' NOR!
HASTENING TO HIS PRIVATE FACTORY, PENNYWORTH MAKES SOME LAST-MINUTE ADJUSTMENTS...
CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!
NO, NO, COGGINS! THE BOILER PIPES CONNECT TO THE SOLAR ENGINE, NOT THE WINE CELLAR!
MY MISTAKE, GUV.
...AND LONDON IS GIVEN A SURPRISE DEMONSTRATION OF PENNYWORTH'S LATEST HANDIWORK.
?
?
SET THE ASTROCOMPASS FOR DR. ROTOR'S SECRET MOONLAIR!
?
!
!
!
MEANWHILE, AT DR. ROTOR'S SECRET MOONLAIR...
HA, HA, MISS TILLSDALE! YOUR FUMBLING SIR PENNYWORTH WILL NEVER SUSPECT I HAVE TAKEN YOU TO MY SECRET MOONLAIR!...


MARRY ME, AND MAKE ME THE HAPPIEST AUTOMATON ON THE MOON!
NEVER, YOU FIEND! I WOULD GLADLY DIE FIRST!
VERY WELL, MISS TILLSDALE, PERHAPS MY PROPOSAL MIGHT BE BETTER PUT FORTH BY MY...
HU!
HU! HU!
HU! HU! HU!
QUACK!
...HOMUNCULOIDS!
N-NO!
BUT AT THAT VERY INSTANT...
FASTER, COGGINS, FASTER! I NEED MORE STEAM!
THANK GOD WE'RE HERE!
I ONLY HOPE WE ARE NOT TOO LATE!


IF ROTOR HAS HARMED A HAIR ON MISS TILLSDALE'S EXQUISITE HEAD, I WILL TAKE IT AS A...
...PERSONAL AFFRONT—
YIPE!
BERTIE!
SO, PENNYWORTH, WE MEET AGAIN!
AND I KNOW MY HOMUNCULOIDS ARE EAGER TO PAY THEIR RESPECTS AS WELL!
QUACK!
HU! HU! HU!
"BIFF!"
OOF!
BETTER THEY'D PAYED THEM TO THE MARQUIS OF QUEENSBURY, CORRECT, COGGINS?
RIGHT AS RAIN, SIR!


NOW TO EXTRICATE YOU FROM THIS INFERNAL MACHINE...
...AND MAKE GOOD OUR ESCAPE!
AFTER THEM! THE FOOLS ARE HEADED DIRECTLY INTO MY CHRONO-WARP! THEY'LL NEVER ESCAPE...
..."THE LOST AIRSHIP BURIAL GROUND"!
BUGGER!
USAF
MAN THOSE SHIPS, DOGS! I'LL GET THEM YET!
BERTIE, LOOK OUT!
RATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA!


NEVER FEAR, MY SWEET...
KA-PHLOOM!
...MY PITCHBLENDE RAY IS MORE THAN A MATCH FOR THEIR TOYS!
BOOM!
R-100
POP!
WHAM!
THE FOE IS VANQUISHED...
OH CRUMBS!
...AND OUR INTREPID TRAVELERS RETURN TO MOTHER EARTH.
BEGGIN' YOUR PARDON, GUV, BUT WE'RE FRESH OUT OF STEAM.
ACTUALLY, THAT'S A BIT OF LUCK...
...I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TEST MY NEW "BUMBER-CHUTE!"
HMMM, THAT LOOKS LIKE A FAMILIAR SPOT....
THAT'S THE THING ABOUT CLARETS, AGATHA. THEY NEVER DO TRAVEL WELL....
ZZZZZZZZ
THE END

continued from page 45

his strange digestive trip to any doctors I might meet. We finished our meal in great friendliness, and when the waitress returned with my change, I handed Norman a five-dollar bill.

"Wow." He looked at it like he couldn't believe it was real, then took it reverently and slipped it under his cloak. "Hey, you're really beautiful, man. Maybe there's something I can do for you." His eyes locked with mine, then he bent forward confidentially. "How'd you like to score some dynamite shit?"

Suddenly I was on my guard. Sure I could use grass. In fact, I was desperate for it: dealing grass was how I was paying rent while waiting for my songs to come together and I hadn't been able to score in over a month. But what Norman had just done was initiate a street deal, and it is axiomatic that 99 percent of street deals are burns. This was especially true during the long, miserable dope drought that prevailed in the city at that time. Kids over in Washington Square were asking twenty-five and thirty dollars for bags of catnip—and getting it. My last buy, arranged by a supposedly trusted associate, had been negotiated on a grungy stairwell with two twitching spades. I wound up with a pound of stuff that looked like spinach, tasted like Newark, and could maybe have stoned an anemic parakeet.

"Is it good shit?" I asked cautiously.

"Yeah, man. It's great shit. We grow it ourselves." He smiled.

Well, naturally he'd say that. Next he'd probably ask me to front the money.

"Look, you don't have to front us nothing, man," said Norman pleasantly. "I can lay a taste on you now and call tomorrow to find out if you want to do any."

That sounded okay. I said so, and he took an empty cigarette pack from the table and drew it under his cloak. Apparently he carried his stash in his pants, because he had to dig around some and even lift himself up slightly to get at it. Eventually he made the transference; the pack reappeared folded neatly at the top, bulging provocatively as a woman. I put aside my doubts for the time being, scribbled my phone number on a paper napkin and handed it to him. Outside, we wished each other peace and headed in separate directions. I hadn't gone ten steps when I heard him calling after me. I turned and saw him holding up the five.

"How I get this changed into nickels?" he shouted. I was taking a breath to reply when he shouted again. "Right! Got it! See ya!" He waved, turned, and walked away. I scratched my head. Norman was a weird dude.

The roach clips turned out to be beautiful and only two bucks apiece. I purchased several, Bobby brought out a gallon of Chianti, and we sat down to rap. The jewelry business was going well enough, he supposed, but his old lady had split to a commune upstate and he was very down about that. After several more glasses I pointed out that at least he was working, which was something. That brought us to my woes: my continuing inability to get my song-writing together, the greased-pig aspect of recent dope deals, and the waning of my funds. Bobby told me that the road to Karma was paved with red-hot pokers. I asked him what the hell that meant. Bobby wasn't sure, so we put on a pile of records, including several fine sides into which we deeply went. Several hours later I opened my eyes to the sound of a slamming door. A crying girl was shrugging off her backpack in the hall.

"Francine!" cried Bobby.

I staggered home.

I woke late in the morning to discover I had all my clothes on, a wine hangover, and an orange cat lying on my face, purring. In quick succession I threw Booger on the floor, my clothes on a chair, and up. In one of those over-the-toilet resolutions, I promised myself once again to stick to drugs and leave the hard stuff to people who could handle it.

After yoga, a shower, and breakfast, I felt half human again. I decided to see if the muse was with me that morning. She wasn't. The only good thing I did with my guitar in an hour and a half was to flip its nylon cord over the wall screw in kind of a neat way as I was hanging it back up. I drank a soda and wondered what to do next. The mail, containing an exterminator bill for $10.66, arrived. Abruptly, I remembered Norman.

The cigarette pack was still in last night's pants. I emptied the contents onto a piece of clean, white paper, put it under my high intensity lamp, and examined it.

Well, it was the damnedest-looking grass I'd ever seen. Instead of buds or leaves or even twigs, I had a pile of small, green pellets. Colorado green pellet grass? It exuded an elusive aroma, kind of sweet, that made me flash on farms and countryside. Maybe alfalfa or honeysuckle. Not that it mattered. Apparently, the entire deal was a practical joke; the little bastards were probably rigged to explode when lit . . . though I doubted it from the look of them: they suggested slightly decomposed marzipan peas. I dropped the entire mess in the garbage.

Thirty seconds later I remembered reading about certain new strains of cannabis, mutations of the female plant that looked totally different from all previous grasses and could send your brain to Oz for a vacation. Swearing loudly enough to scare Booger out of the room, I stalked back to the garbage pail and began to pick pellets. When I had a small pile, I reached for my pipe.

You'll find a great variety of pipes

continued on page 87



"Remember, Lily, when it was only the evening shadows that stole across the sky?"

Dodosaurs

Dinosaurs That Didn't Make It
by Rick Meyerowitz

Millions of years before the dawn of man, the earth was ruled by giant reptiles whose scaly likenesses are familiar to any fan of natural-science journals or cheapo Japanese ick flicks. However, every standard model *Tyrannosaurus Rex* or *Brontosaurus* that rumbled off Mother Nature's assembly line was preceded by dozens of evolutionary Edsels who finished dead last in the race for survival and were soon consigned to behemothballs. On the following pages, NatLampCo Science Foundation lizard wizard **Rick Meyerowitz** pays homage to these passé paleoliths. Behemothballs?

The **Preposterosaur,** a tiny-headed carnivore of the Early Sciatic Period, towered seven inches above the ground and, understandably, found it difficult to convince anything to allow itself to be eaten. Thus, the Preposterosaur pooled its resources with the **Ridiculadon** (two and a half inches) to become a nine-and-a-half-inch **Thesaurus** (literally, "terror of the mud puddle") and quickly starved to death, decease, demise, departure. See EXTINCT.

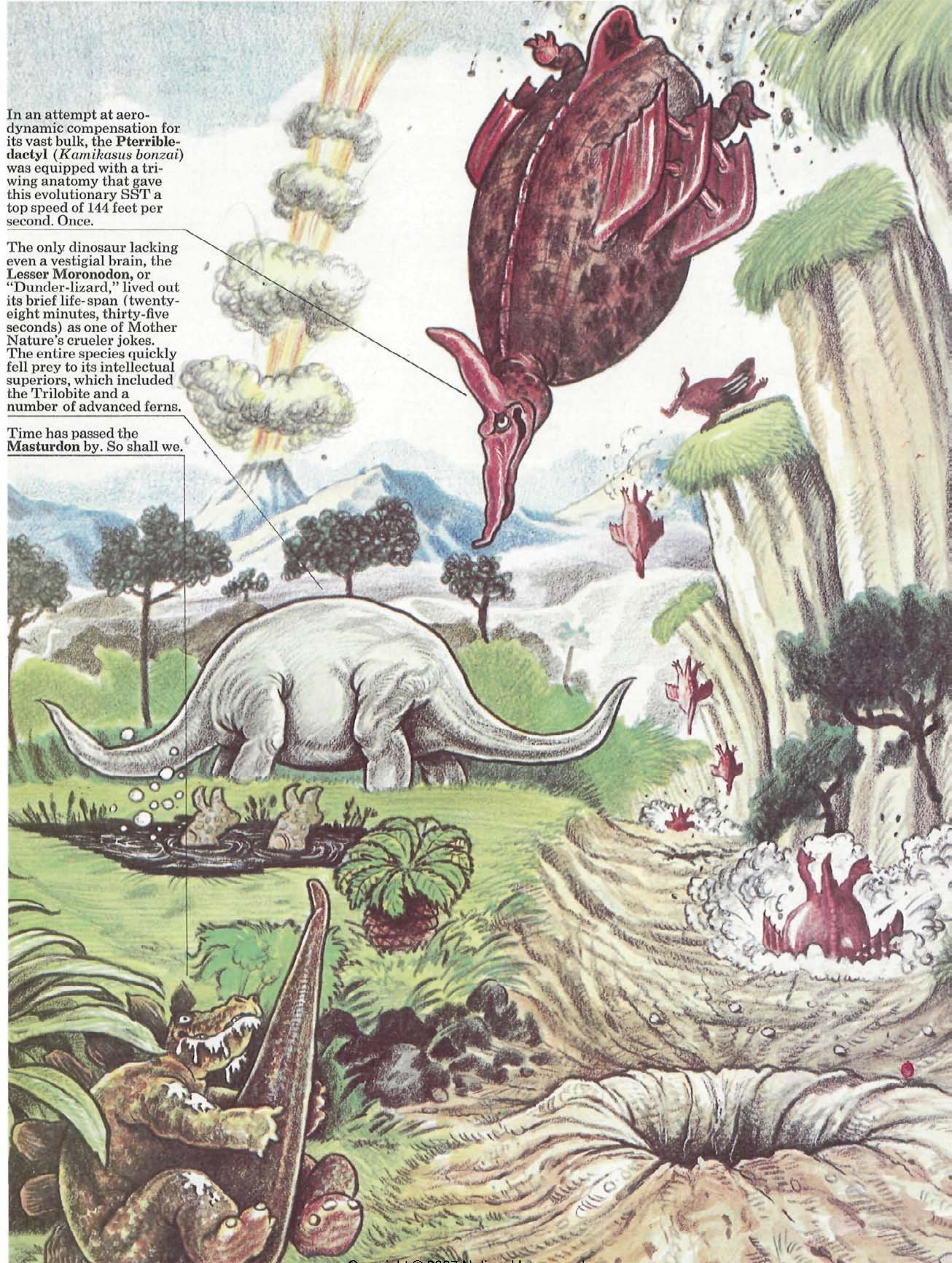




Swampy shorelines were
the temporary habitat o
the short-lived **Ptoitysaur**
Primarily a harmles
muckraker along coasta
marshlands, this "Comod
dragon's" moment in th
slimelight (3,000,002-
3,000,000 B.C.) was cut shor
by fellow bog-dweller
who could not ptolerat
its breath

The **Tricyclatops** was
Darwinian uh-uh tha
resulted from the matin
of a *Tricercetops* and
Bicycladon on a listless
rainy Sunday afternoo
approximately four millio
years ago. Their trainer
wheeled offspring domi
nated the Cohassett Perio
until late Wednesday

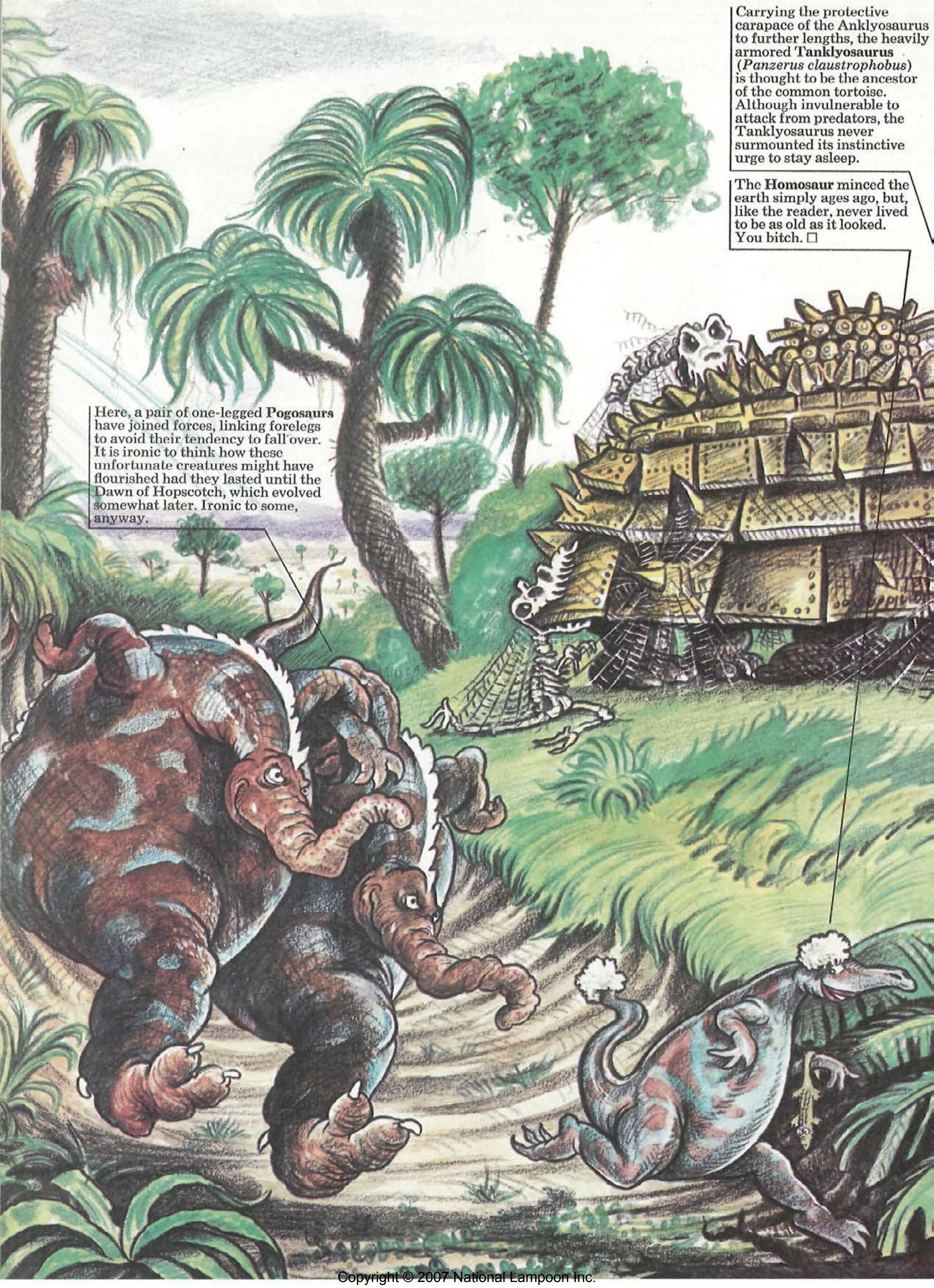
Little is known of th
Winosaur (*Deliriun
tremendus*) beyond its die
of fermented fruits (se
page 56) and its natura
enemy, the Pin
Mammoth



In an attempt at aerodynamic compensation for its vast bulk, the **Pterribledactyl** (*Kamikasus bonzai*) was equipped with a tri-wing anatomy that gave this evolutionary SST a top speed of 144 feet per second. Once.

The only dinosaur lacking even a vestigial brain, the **Lesser Moronodon,** or "Dunder-lizard," lived out its brief life-span (twenty-eight minutes, thirty-five seconds) as one of Mother Nature's crueler jokes. The entire species quickly fell prey to its intellectual superiors, which included the Trilobite and a number of advanced ferns.

Time has passed the **Masturdon** by. So shall we.



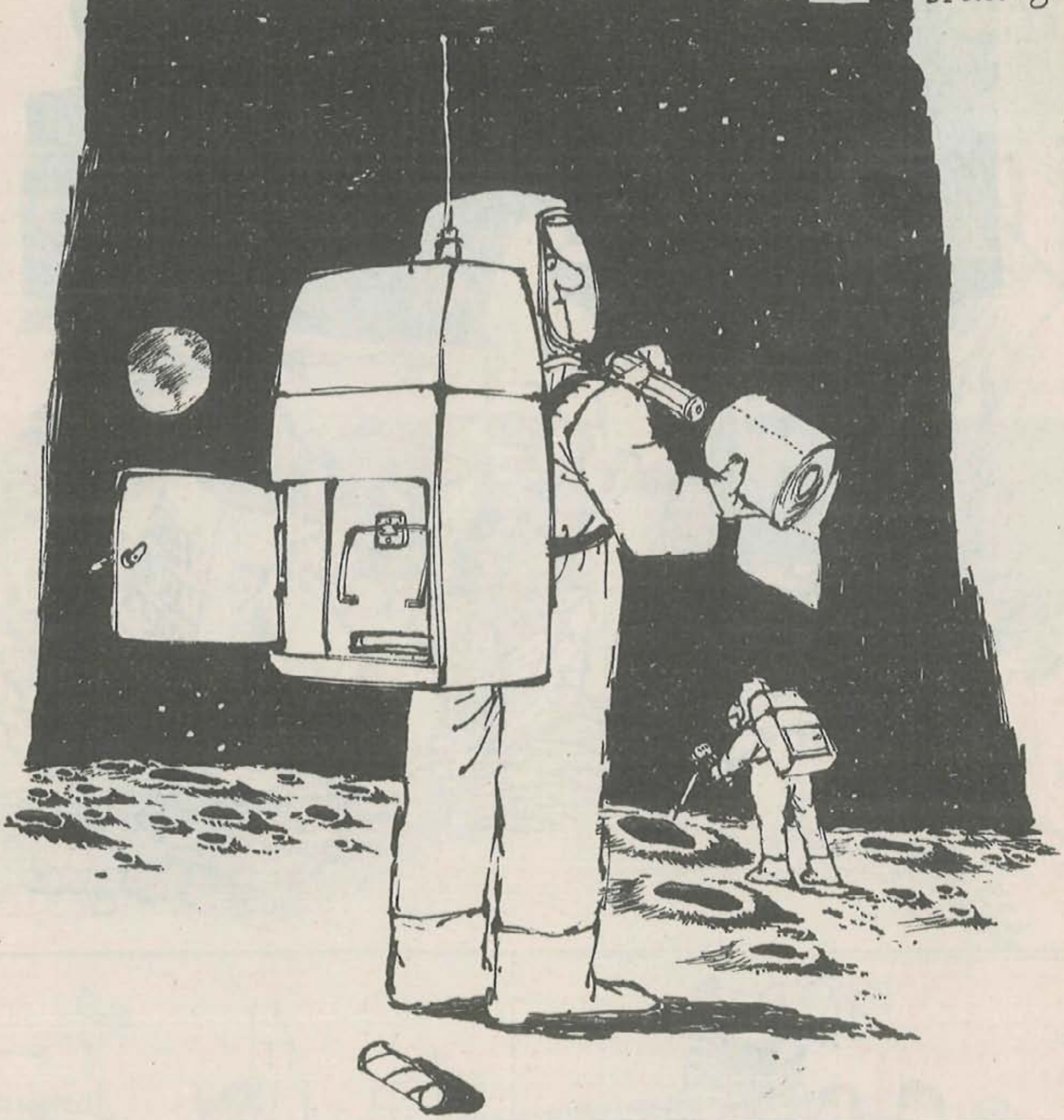
Carrying the protective carapace of the Anklyosaurus to further lengths, the heavily armored **Tanklyosaurus** (*Panzerus claustrophobus*) is thought to be the ancestor of the common tortoise. Although invulnerable to attack from predators, the Tanklyosaurus never surmounted its instinctive urge to stay asleep.

The **Homosaur** minced the earth simply ages ago, but, like the reader, never lived to be as old as it looked. You bitch. □

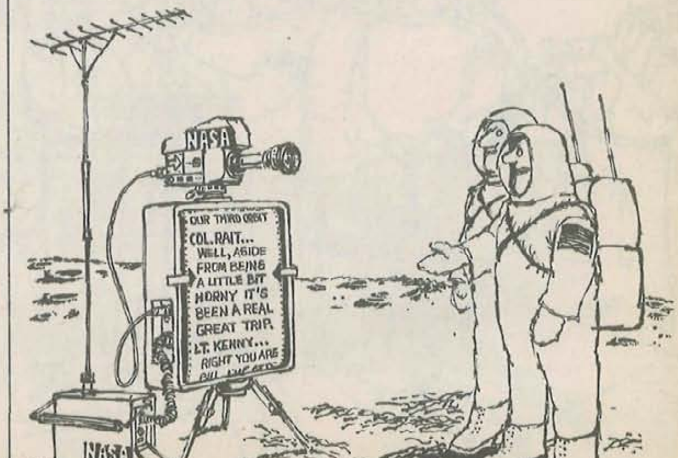
Here, a pair of one-legged **Pogosaurs** have joined forces, linking forelegs to avoid their tendency to fall over. It is ironic to think how these unfortunate creatures might have flourished had they lasted until the Dawn of Hopscotch, which evolved somewhat later. Ironic to some, anyway.

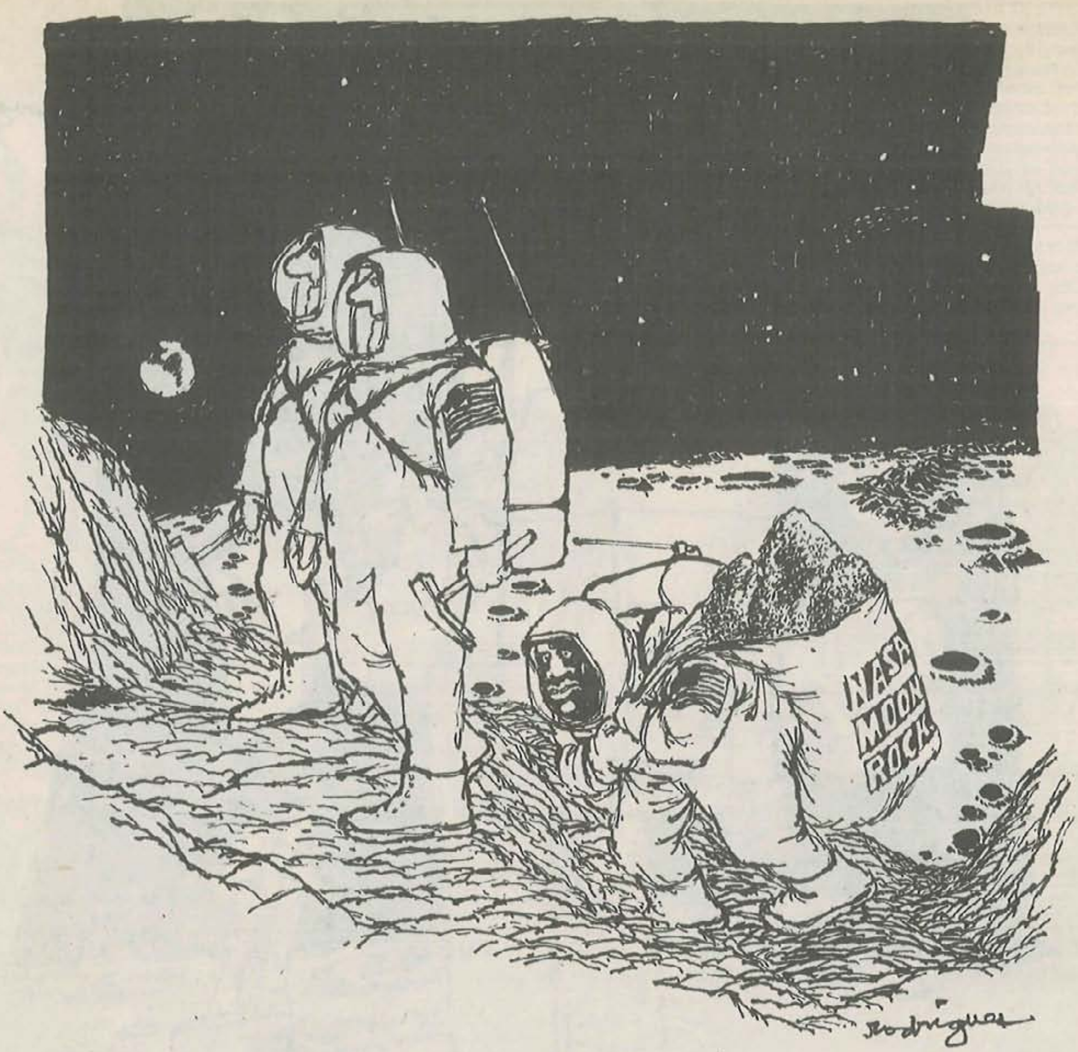
APPALLING 12

BY rodrigues



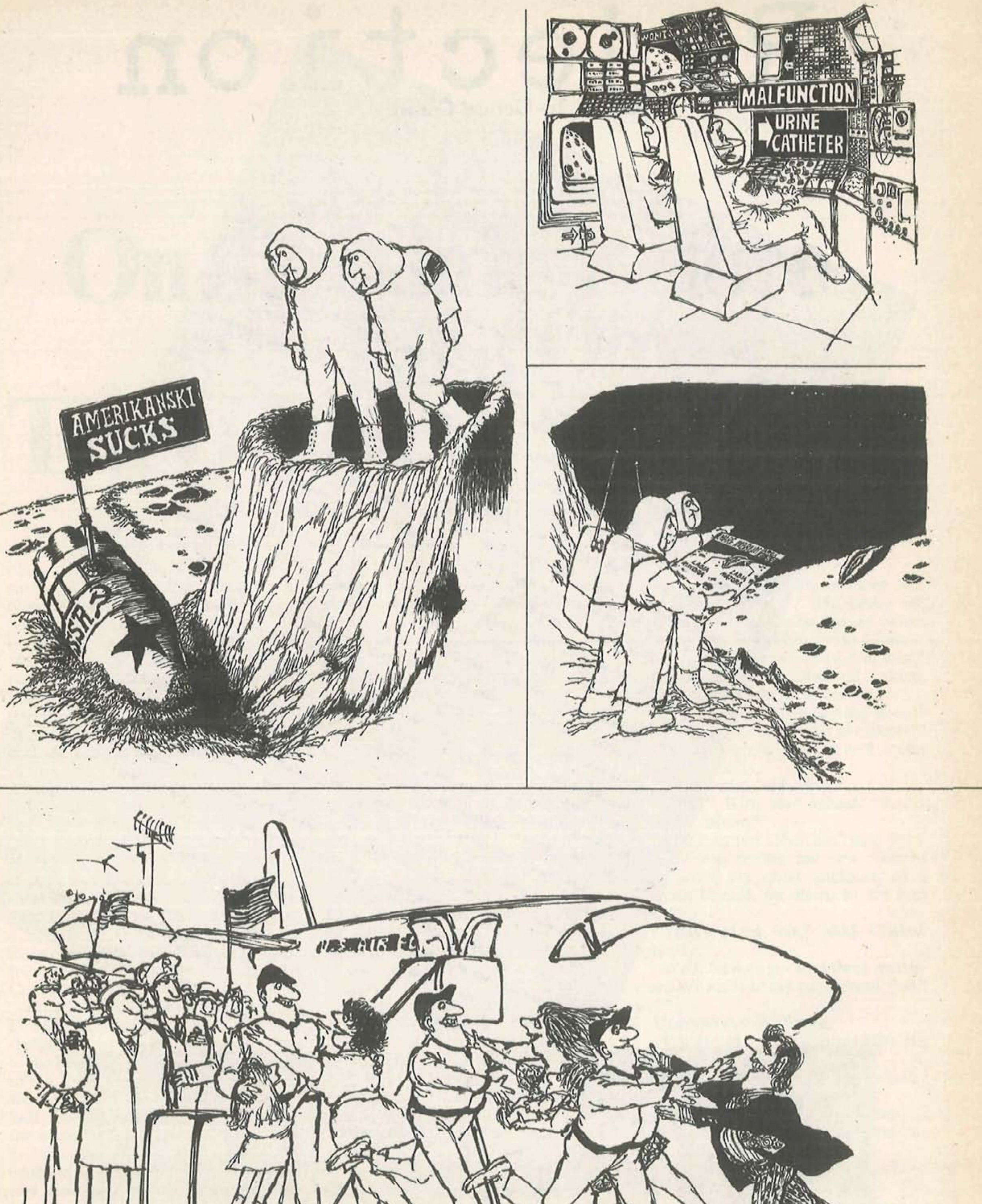





NASA
MOON
ROCK
Rodrigues




MP
MP
MP
CLASSIFIED
SPACE
FECES
RUSH RUSH
ASSIFIED
SPACE
URINE
RUSH RUSH


AMERIKANSKI
SUCKS
MALFUNCTION
URINE
CATHETER

Rejection

by Gerard Conway

Fan-Tastic Publications, Inc.
734 East 48th Street
New York, New York

4 October 1936

Mr. Stanley M. Feldstein
74-22 178th Street
Brooklyn, New York 9

Dear Mr. Feldstein:

Thank you for letting us look at your manuscript "Giant Leap." After reading it and consulting with our senior editor, Julius Weinberger, I find that I must return it to you, for both Mr. Weinberger and I agree that the handling of the subject matter is unsuitable to the Super Science Planet Stories style.

At the same time, I must add that Mr. Weinberger and I were not completely unimpressed with your approach to the "first men on the moon" theme. Though you reveal an excellent imagination (sometimes a startling one, we might add), your conception of human drama, of emotional conflict, and, indeed, of the scientific "romance" lacks a certain--shall we say, flair? At your request, we have considered the story in a critical light, and here are our major criticisms:

1. No romantic interest. Where's the girl, Feldstein? As a hopeful writer, you must be aware that feminine interest is imperative, unless, God forbid, you were suggesting some sort of perverse relationship between your so-called "astronauts" (a term Mr. Weinberger and I find distasteful; it emasculates the image. Please, in the future, call them "spacemen," or perhaps "rocketeers"--a word of my own coining, I might add), in which case the story would be completely unacceptable.

2. No monster. For heaven's sake, man, that's the moon you have them bouncing about on! God only knows what sort of weird creatures interplanetary explorers might discover!

3. Ridiculous plot and climax. Do they go to the moon to save a lost bride? To find treasures and riches? To rescue their world from cosmic calamity? No. They go to pick up a few . . . rocks.(?) Come, man, surely you've a better grasp of human nature than that! What group of buffoons would ever finance such an absurd venture? Certainly not the Government. For pity's sake, man, there's a depression on!

4. Your technology is a trifle odd. For example, the method of travel is a touch unbelievable: it strikes me as being similar to buying two automobiles for a picnic--one to drive you to the site, the other to park in! And the image of leaping from one to the other! I trust you see the point?

Nonetheless, the story made interesting, if basically dull, reading, and we hope to hear from you again. Until that time, I remain

Very truly yours,

Mort Caswell
Associate Editor

Stanley M. Feldstein
74-22 178th Street
Brooklyn, New York 9

approximately 8,000 words

"Giant Leap"
By Stanley Feldstein

The hatch popped open without a sound; Armstrong eased his bulk onto the short platform jutting out into the cold lunar night, inched his way back out of the LEM. He could hear Buzz's grating voice barking suggestions over the intersuit intercom. "That's it, Neil, a little to your left: no,

On the Night Before the Last Day They Filmed "Star Trek"

by Chris Miller

But for a single feature, Dorcas 8 would have been the least inviting planet yet discovered by Man. Her surface was a global sea of stagnant blue mud that clashed horribly with her lemon-yellow sky and continuously blurped up lazy mile-wide bubbles whose bursting loosed a scent that rivaled the mating ichor of the Arcturan phlegm-toad. Certainly this depressing world and its dour inhabitants—a race of squat, plum-colored mole-beings—would have been passed over entirely by the human race were it not for the special properties of her polar regions. Here, over small radii, she had "frozen" to a curious pseudosolid that had proved to contain a subsurface fungus called *Truffle Aphroditis*, and here, therefore, Starfleet Command had dispatched the starship *Enterprise* to fetch several tons of this vitally important material for dispersal among certain highly placed friends in the Bureaucratic-Industrial Complex of Earth.

Captain Kirk felt relieved when the Dorcan work party hauled the final sledgeload of sealed freeze-canisters to the beam-up point. Transport these to the *Enterprise* and he could collect the members of his detail and get the hell out of here. Dorcas 8 gave him the creeps. He flipped open his communicator, gave an order, and watched with satisfaction as the canisters shimmered and vanished. The Dorcan miners had already received their payment; most of them now headed for the bawdy houses among the nearby tumble of shacks that composed this planet's largest "city." Repressing a shudder of distaste, Kirk put his hands to his mouth and called, "Scotty! Sulu! Chekov! Let's go!"

Lieutenant Sulu and Ensign Chekov emerged obligingly from an edge of the shantytown and jogged to Kirk's side. As they came to attention, he noted on their faces expressions that were slightly too innocent.

"Well, gentlemen. Where's Mr. Scott?"

Sulu and Chekov exchanged blank looks.

"Mr. Scott, sir? We thought he was with you, sir," said Sulu.

Since Kirk was standing in the midst of a flat, empty clearing, obviously alone, he accepted this answer with some reservations. He repeated his question to the remaining pair of Dorcan miners, who were loitering a few yards distant, eyeing the Terrans curiously. They convulsed in sudden chittering laughter, twitching their snout whiskers in delight, and walked slowly away. Kirk was beginning to grow angry.

"Lieutenant, I'm not asking again. Where is Mr. Scott?"

Sulu cast a glance at Chekov, but the Ensign's attention seemed riveted on a largish bubble swelling on the left horizon. Swallowing, he turned back to Kirk.

"Well, sir, you know how Scotty . . . that is, Mr. Scott, sir . . . how he never takes leave on any of the planets where we stop, how he spends all his leave time in the ship's library reading technical manuals?"

Kirk nodded impatiently.

"Well, uh, Ensign Chekov and I were talking the other night and we found ourselves wondering . . ." Sulu was sweating. He appeared to be having difficulty finishing.

"Yes?"

". . . wondering, sir, whether Mr. Scott had ever . . ." He broke off, flapped his mouth soundlessly twice, then turned beseechingly to Chekov.

". . . ever had *relations,* Captain," Chekov finished for him, and nodded, as if in agreement with himself.

"What are you two talking about? What have you done with Mr. Scott?"

Chekov stepped closer and spoke conspiratorially.

"Ve got him laid, sir."

"Laid?" Kirk was aghast. "Laid? Laid by whom?"

"You mean by *what,* sir," said Sulu.

"Are you telling me you brought Mr. Scott, my chief engineer, to a Dorcan female, an alien, to get him *laid*?"

"That's right, sir," said Chekov brightly.

"Well, let's go get him then, gentlemen. We want to get out of here, don't we?"

Uncomfortable silence.

"I'm afraid ve can't go get him, sir. He's been eaten."

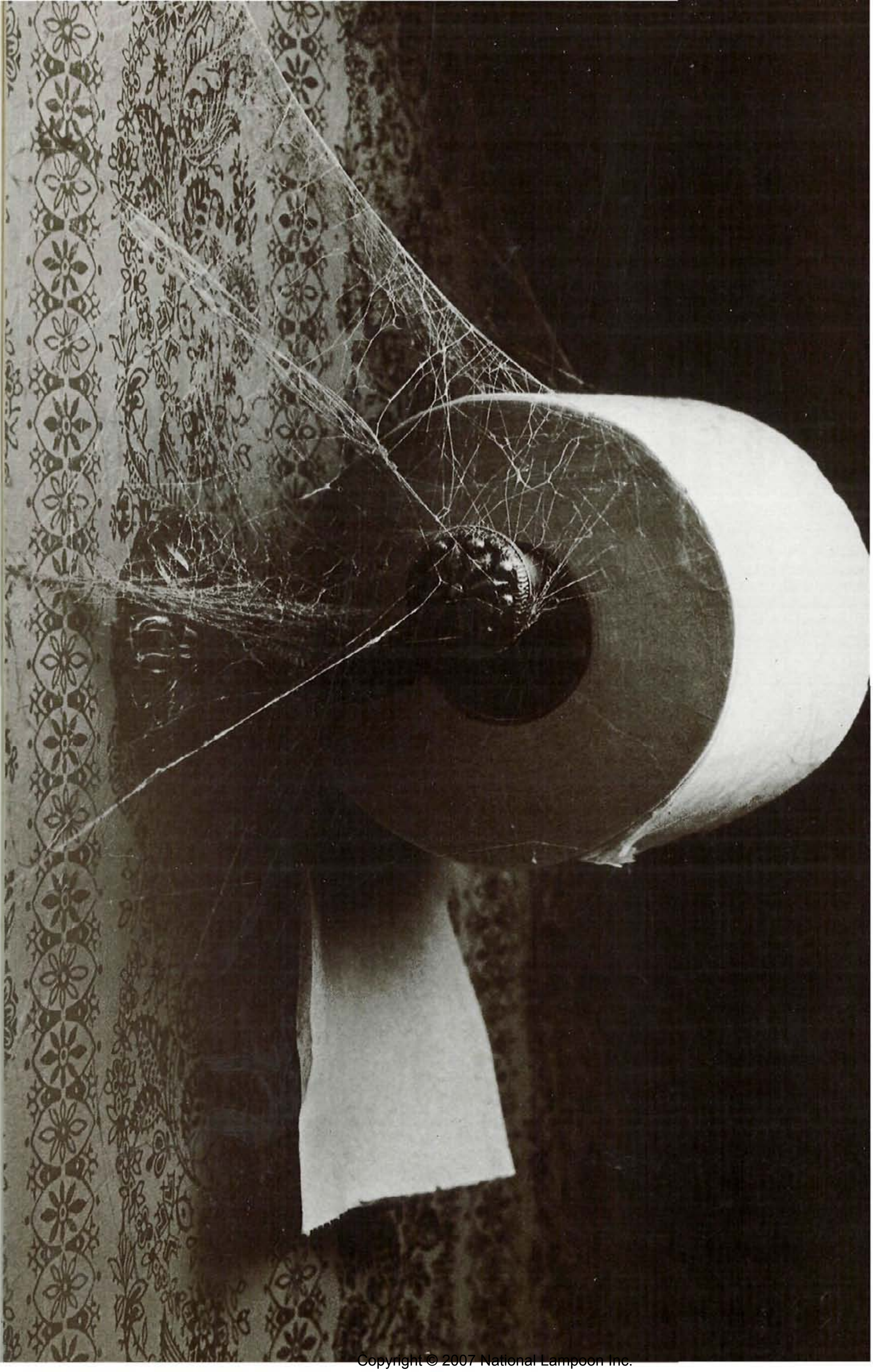
"What? You mean Scotty actually submitted to an act of fell——?"

"No, sir, I mean he vas eaten. It turns out that Dorcans are carnivorous, sir."

Kirk could scarcely believe his ears. "Scotty . . . eaten? Lieutenant, Ensign, consider yourselves confined to quarters." He flipped open his communicator. "Kirk here. Security team to the transporter room. Beam us up."

The transporter caught them in its field, prickling Kirk's skin a bit more

continued on page 70



Pruzy's Pot

by Theodore Sturgeon

Dear Fred:

To come right to the point, do you think you could find us a house in your part of the world?

I know this comes as a surprise to you. Well, hell, this letter is probably a surprise, knowing me and how I don't write letters. Really sorry about that. Ever since I married Niwa two years ago we've been so busy there just hasn't been time, and besides, I hardly ever wrote anyway, even before. But I know you've heard something about what we've been doing, if you've read anything I've published recently. In case you haven't, I'll give it to you briefly: we're trying to work out a survival life-style in this crazy, crowded, complicated world we live in. Nothing theoretical; Niwa and I are both deadly sick and tired of sitting around with bright-eyed malcontents, all knowledge and no experience, complaining about pollution and corruption in the body, mind, and soul of man. It hit us all of a sudden, one night after one of these mouth-marathons, that anyone who has a complaint ought to have to qualify and be certified first. I mean, here's somebody who thinks it's just awful about the dirty water and the foul air. What is he doing about the solid waste he creates in his own house? What kind of poison-factory is he driving, and does he keep it running in such a way as to minimize the junk it puts into the air? Does he support government people he knows are corrupt, or by apathy just let them go on corrupting? The more we heard this kind of crap from these hobbygripers, the more we felt that a man should qualify to complain, just as he has to qualify to drive a bus or cut an appendix or run a ferryboat. Or vote. And if we were going to be honest about it, we had to look at ourselves. Point a finger at anybody and you'll find you have three fingers pointing at you.

Sorry, Fred—I didn't mean to preach, but you've got to have this background. Once we faced these things we decided to get out of the plastic cave we were living in, with the chrome kitchen and all the little bells and buzzers that told us when to take the defrosted food out of the automatic oven and when the heavy phosphates were flushed out of the polyester double-knits, and headed for the hills to plant some honesty and see if we could harvest some survival. And you'll never guess where we found what we were looking for: in the "Houses to Rent" in the Sunday paper, the first one we checked out. And yet it wasn't all that simple, because when we got there to look at the place (2 bdr, frplc, sec, Ch & pets OK) there were cars all over the mountainside and the agent was running guided tours through the house every seven minutes. Secluded two-bedroom houses with fireplaces are not all that common so close to downtown. It was everything it claimed to be and the rent was most reasonable. It was also funky and creaky, with some interior wallboard smashed and cracked, a few broken windows, the most jarring paint-job inside I have ever seen (did you know there are seventeen Day-Glo colors? It had them all), and no more than about eight pounds water pressure. However, it did have more than a half-acre of ground, and, being on a knoll with the wild part of a park just across a narrow road, it was absolutely private.

Niwa, being Niwa, full of enthusiasm and articulateness, spouted and jetted all our ideas about survival techniques in the late twentieth century, man versus plastic and the organ versus technology, and the whole rap, interspersed with enthusiastic "What a great corner for the rabbit hutch" and "Here we dry sassafras" kind of things. You haven't met her yet so I have to tell you that she lights up the landscape even when she isn't enthusiastic. When she is—wear your welding hood. The agent, a faceless type with a clipboard, took notes and said don't call us, we'll call you, and we left to look up more houses.

But that night we got a call from the landlord. He talked to Niwa and he talked to me. He had a deep voice that sounded something like that monotone you get from someone who's had a laryngectomy and uses stomach wind—a sort of controlled burp—but not exactly that either. He said very little about himself except that he was in some kind of biochemical research and he owned a couple dozen properties around. We didn't care about that part of it just then; what mattered was he said we could have the house if we wanted it, and we wanted it. He sent over a lease by messenger and we paid two months and that was that. The lease was standard except it said we were to let him put in another half-bath. It spelled out that we could do anything we wanted with the house and grounds except mess with the plumbing. I never heard of a landlord like that and I never saw one either, not even this one, because he died a few months later.

I wish I could remember that conversation in detail or had taped it or something. It would have explained everything. Or almost. Maybe I didn't listen too carefully because mostly it was Niwa in that electric explosive way of hers expounding our theories of survival, how to use tansy (which when growing repels ants) and toads for insecticides instead of chemical sprays, and how kitchen garbage is turned into rich black dirt, and how barter (two loaves of sourdough for a brake job on the VW) is better than money, and how much better it is to live without clothes but when you do wear clothes, design them yourself

continued

and have something money couldn't buy. The thing was, this landlord, who said his name was Jones although we found out later it wasn't, he liked everything she said and that's why we got the house.

So we really put roots down—in several senses—and dug in. It was kind of great, Fred. Anybody who tells you that working out this kind of life-style is easy, or that there's an easy way to do it, is out of his gourd. The same thing is true of anyone who implies it's cheap. And you make mistakes. When we imported a thousand ladybugs to help the toads fight insects in the garden, what we got was a lot of fat toads. We also discovered the mysterious communication network that exists in the netherworlds. Like, nothing is more specialized than a hornworm, a beautiful animal that grows very large and is so perfectly adapted to tomato plants that you can stand with your nose seven inches away from one (and *it* seven inches long) and not see it, while it is stripping the plant of leaf, bud, flower, and fruit. Now: who sent for the son of a bitch? Likewise gophers. Nothing had grown on that little quarter-acre for years but Dichondra. All of a sudden gophers are all over, tearing up the beets and carrots and going down the lines of butter lettuce like a wire contacting phone poles. Who sent for *them?* Then of course there was Sonya—she's a more-or-less dog we have—who in a flash could pursue a gopher clear across the garden . . . diagonally . . . eighteen inches deep all the way. Which meant fencing.

All the same there's the way Brussels sprouts grow, which has to be seen to be believed, and baby ears of corn eaten raw, and vine-ripened tomatoes, like nothing else you ever flang a fang into, and chard, and carrots tenderer than a tit-man's dream of the ultimate nipple . . . and then the barter that went on, and a kind of understanding of where it's all really at that comes to you only if you can get naked and work soil with the sun on your back and the wind blowing through you rather than on you, and you plant a seed and lo it comes up, and it forms and buds and flowers and makes, and what it makes you eat—you eat it into your same body that did all this, no cellophane, no supermarket, no middleman, no tax. No, it isn't easy; no, it isn't cheap. It is, however, in these declining years of the twentieth century, one of the few realities that is not a bummer.

But there I go. What I am writing to you about is can you find me a place, and especially now after all that I have to tell you why. It's the toilet, the new toilet.

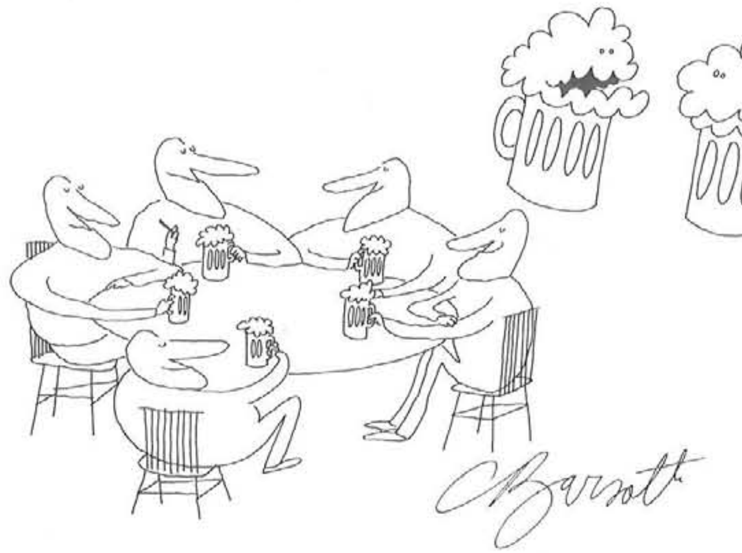
I think I already said it was in the lease. That was pretty weird by itself; there are plenty of things that house needs, and there's nothing wrong with the facilities that are already there. But you don't complain when a landlord wants to improve your place, even when he insists on it. So sure enough, after we'd been there ten days or so, here comes a truck with the agent and two guys, one a deaf-mute five feet across and the other one the skinniest man, and, I think, the strongest man, I have ever seen. Nobody said much, and we were busy outside most of the time. They converted one of the two big walk-in closets in the big bedroom into a nice little toidey with a sink and a pot and fluorescent lights and not-bad wallpaper and wall-to-wall carpet on the floor. There was a door from the bedroom and one from the hall—that was the new one.

And there was the pot. The agent had nothing to say about it—I don't think he knew anything—except that Mr. Jones had supplied it, that this and no other was the one he and his lease had specified, that it was a brand new design, and that in the remote eventuality we didn't want to use it, we didn't have to—there was always the old one; and we had to admit that the old one was adequate.

That happened to be the day Pruzy Penntifer arrived from New Zealand. I've told you about her, haven't I? Used to be Niwa's roommate in London before we were married. Niwa made a special friend of Pruzy because she never could figure her out. She was the English-speaking-world's number one straight, a noncussing virgin, "impermeable, impenetrable, and insurmountable," as someone once said, so guarded against men that the armor was up against women, too, in case one of them be used by some man to infiltrate. To Niwa, who has always been interested in the matter of being honestly alive, Pruzy was a fascination and a challenge. Anyway, she was on a world trip and was to stay with us for a week, and Niwa had been spitting on her hands in anticipation for a long time. Pruzy had been warned in advance about our life-style and that we aren't about to change it for anybody, although the last thing we'd ever do is to persuade anyone else to adopt it. "I'll live by your rules in your house," Niwa would say, "and you can live by your rules in my house. But when you expect me to live by *your* rules in *my* house, you go too damn far." So we didn't get a real look at the toilet until after it was installed, because we had to go to the airport for Pruzy while the men were finishing up; they were gone before we got back, everything cleaned up and the key under the mat.

Pruzy you wouldn't believe—tall and slender and dressed in blacks and browns. The one word for her is "contained." Her chain-mail clothes contain her, and you get the idea her skin contains her body the same neat way. She has one of those self-contained mouths that has never sucked on anything but itself and does a lot of that, and eyes coated with one-way glass. She talks funny, being Australian, but not funny like most Australians, who to the American ear put a fine Bow-bells breadth to the simplest words; her laminated gentility contains even that.

We gave her the guided tour of the house and garden, winding up in the big bedroom, which was to be hers while she stayed. The small one was my studio, and we'd sleep in the living room, which was fine with us—we



"They destroyed our entire interplanetary army in only an hour and a half, but we made $12.40 plus tips."

mostly did anyhow. This way we could come and go without bothering her, if that's what she might want. And of course she had her own sink and pot, the latter of which made a fine ending and climax to the tour. The big closet in the northeast corner was gone, and there was a new high-up half-casement in the outside wall, a built-in medicine chest, a very nice little washstand with a hemispherical imitation-marble bowl and gold-colored fittings, and the . . . the . . . well, the pot.

It was wider and lower than most, bulbous. It seemed at first to have scales, tiny close-set ones, but if you closed your eyes and touched it, it was perfectly smooth. The seat was covered and there seemed to be no way to lift the cover—and indeed there was not; it took a little fumbling to discover that the raised pale spot on one side was a control. It must have (I thought at the time) some sort of electrostatic system, like those elevator buttons you don't depress but just touch, because on contact the cover slid back like an eyelid, exposing the bowl. I got only the one glimpse of a complicated contour inside, obviously moist (though I saw no standing water) and deep red. And then, only half meaning to, I hit the spot again and the cover slid silently shut, whereupon the whole thing went (with overtones of joy and controlled power) softly *hroom, hroom, hroom* . . . like the revving of a distant muffled motorcycle or a tiger's purring.

I heard a tiger purr once.

Just as I wish I could recall that one phone conversation with the late Mr. Jones, I wish I had been watching Niwa's face and especially Pruzy's, but I was preoccupied with my own reactions. There was something profoundly unsettling about that piece of plumbing. I had a crazy artist friend once who painted the inside of his toilet with high-gloss enamels, bright red and cerise and ivory, so that when you opened it up it looked like a huge slavering mouth with a wet tongue and sharp teeth. That was unsettling, too, but it was also funny. This one wasn't funny. For one thing, the shock value of my friend's work of art lay in the fact that in all respects his was a conventional fixture, with his efforts applied to it, whereas this thing was all of a piece—eerie all over. I think Niwa expressed it best when we talked about it later, after Pruzy had gone to bed. She said, "I think if it looked as if it might bite, I could laugh it off. But it doesn't. It looks as if it was going to *smile!*"

We lay quietly for a long time, thinking about sitting down on that smile. Then one or the other of us—it doesn't matter which, because we both felt the same way—said, "Well, she can have the damn thing." And we left it at that.

During the night I heard it going *hroom, hroom* twice.

The next day we got up and went to work as usual, me in my studio and Niwa in the kitchen and garden. Pruzy slept late, getting her time zones sorted out, and when she emerged and encountered us naked the way we always are in the house and yard, she took it imperturbably—well, she'd been told, she knew what to expect, and besides, nothing—*nothing*—can crack that chick's unassailable front. She, of course, stayed not only dressed, but groomed.

It must have been three days later that we began to notice how much time Pruzy was spending in her non-bath bathroom. She always shot the bolts on both doors when she went in and unlocked them when she left—a purposeless ritual, but then so is nineteen-twentieths of all ritual privacy. (An airline hostess once told me a little old lady borrowed a safety pin from her and she found it later in the tiny ten-inch curtains over the porthole in the john, where Granny had pinned them closed—at seven hundred miles per hour and thirty thousand feet—to guard against Peeping Toms.) Niwa and I had no need or desire to go in there, so she might just as well have kept the outside door permanently locked, but once she'd established the ritual she kept it up, that being the nature of ritual. So we always heard the bolts, and though we had no wish to pry, we couldn't help but notice she was spending an awful lot of time in there.

"Maybe she likes to read there. Lots of people——"

"Pruzy is not a reader," Niwa said positively. "She really thinks she knows everything she needs to know." Which figured. People like that have achieved a kind of balance, and they'll fight like hell to keep it. One of the best ways to do that is to put the brains in suspended animation.

It took about five days for us—Niwa, really—to realize she wasn't using any toilet paper. That became an increasing fascination, too, as the days went by. And they went by, too: Pruzy postponed her departure for a week and then for another, and started to chip in to the exchequer before we could suggest it . . . and she was no trouble, really. But we did wonder about the toilet paper. It wasn't anything you could come out and ask, either. Not with Pruzy. She was company of a sort for Niwa when I'd go through my marathon writing sessions, or my marathon leave-me-the-hell-alone sessions, and she helped efficiently with the house . . . and got to where she was spending three hours a day in her john.

She went into town one day and got her visa extended. Then there was a phone call when she was out, about a naturalization form. "I think," Niwa whispered to me one night, "she's going to immigrate, take the vows, join the melting pot."

"No pot in the world could melt that one," I remember saying. I was wrong.

Sonya had puppies. She would do that from time to time, concealing her intentions until it happened, then suddenly not being there at chowtime. Then it was a matter of beating the bush and crawling through dark crannies until you found out where she'd spawned them. If you couldn't, the pups would give themselves away sooner or later, mewling and yapping.

continued on page 81



"Through no fault of my own, sir, I was drawn very small and with the left hand."

Click

by Gahan Wilson



PHIL: This first slide here shows Madge and Bill standing right there in front of the New York Space Authority building, ready to start our trip. You can tell it was a pretty nice day on account they're not wearing any protective clothing except for goggles and a mask. The old guy got hit by our taxi—that was some wild driver we had—and the kid's playing a trick on him. Cute, hah?

MADGE: If he hadn't of done it someone else would of. *CLICK*.



PHIL: Now this here was some lucky shot. I was going to take a picture of Billy there, when this guy steps on the Hijacker Sentinal and *pow*, huh? What I mean is it really got him good. I asked why it done it and they said it was on account of he looked suspicious and if you study the expression on his face you can see how they got to wondering about him.

MADGE: It turned out he didn't have no gun or bomb or anything.

PHIL: Look, all they can do is the best they can and I'm glad they got those things up there protecting us, anyways. *CLICK*.



PHIL: Well then, after we got settled in our cabin and the ship took off and all, we went up to the observation lounge and I mean they had the place really fixed up swell. No less than sixteen TV sets all going at the same time, each on a different station, of course, and a bar and every kind of a slot machine and game like that you could wish for. Back there through that window you could see the universe out there if you wanted.

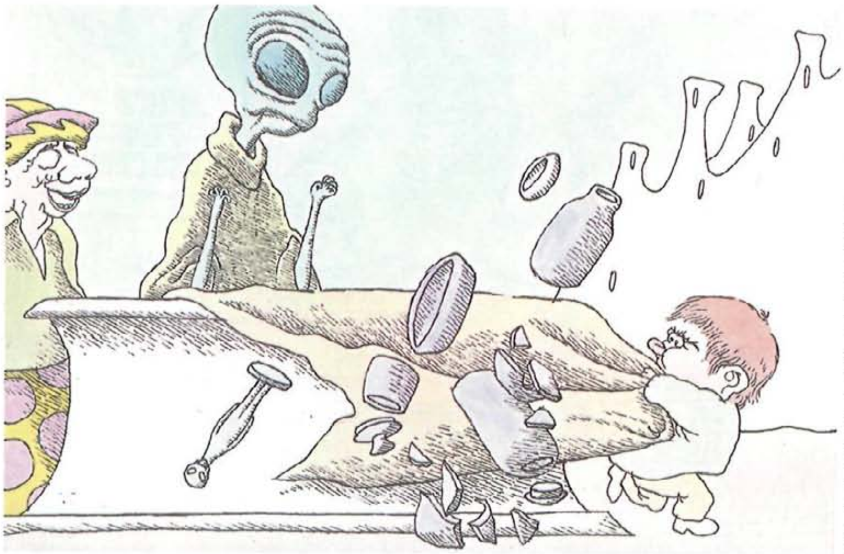
MADGE: I won a whole lot of credit at the Lucky Astronaut game but I lost it all on the Zodiac Wheel. *CLICK*.



PHIL: Just a day out from Mars they announced everybody had to come and see the indoctrination lecture, and I hadn't been looking forward to that. It was something those stiffs at the United Nations had whipped up to teach you all about the Martians' customs and way of life and even their goddamn religion, for Christ's sake. But then I saw it was our social director, Earl, going to do it, and I relaxed right off.

MADGE: That Earl!

PHIL: You see, those UN creeps had given Earl a whole bunch of pictures and graphs and stuff he was supposed to teach us with, and I guess they'd bust a gut if they ever saw what he done with them. Here he is pretending to explain the sex *life* of a *Martian*, can you beat it? Only they don't have no sex life on account of they haven't had any babies in thousands of years. He sure had us all laughing. *CLICK.*



PHIL: Right at the space port they got these weird Martians trying to sell you pots and statues and stuff. Nothing but a lot of junk, if you ask me. Anyhow I was taking a picture of one of them when Billy did this here. It's a good thing those Martians can't talk or this one here would have really given the kid a couple of bad words I bet you.

MADGE: It's not that they can't talk, it's that they've taken an oath of silence. Don't you remember the joke Earl made on that, honey?

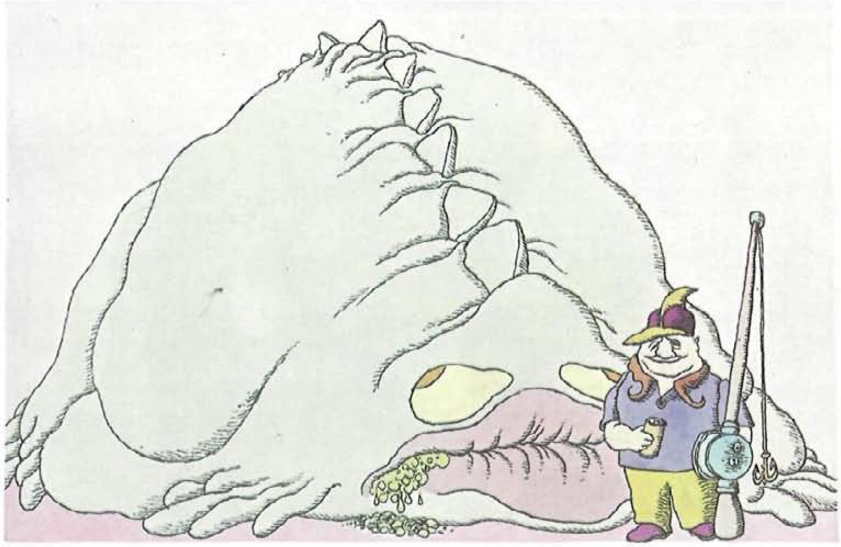
PHIL: Well, anyhow, the way that stuff broke up, he had a nerve trying to sell it. *CLICK.*



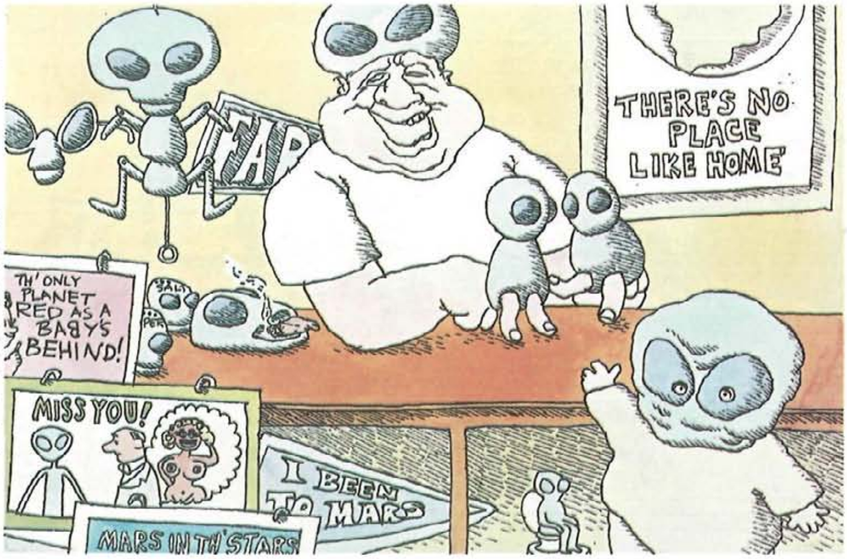
PHIL: Right outside our hotel there, they had this wall which goes on practically forever and has all these religious pictures on it, and our guide told us a lot more than I was interested hearing about it. Anyhow it's supposed to be very holy and all like that.

MADGE: That right there behind me is supposed to be the sun. *CLICK.*

continued



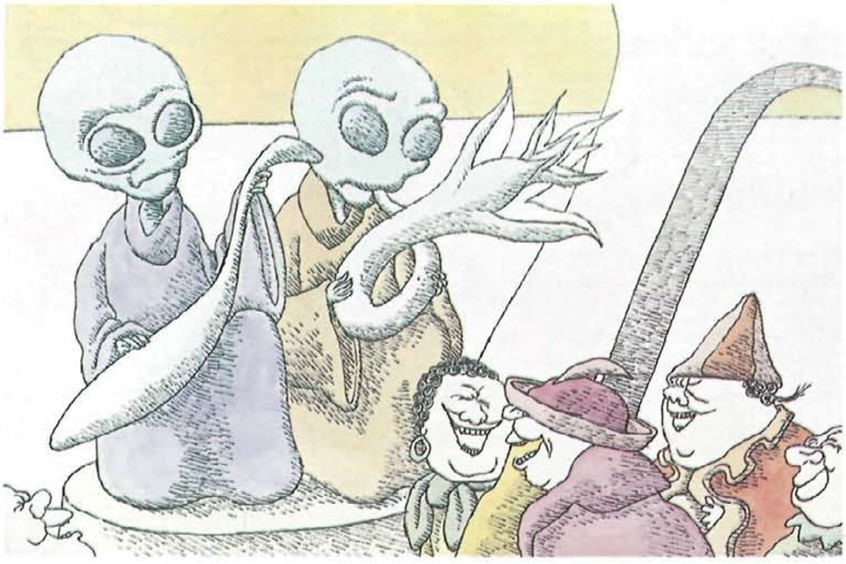
PHIL: The next day we went out on a fishing trip, and here's the baby I come up with. What do you think of that, hah? They asked me did I want it stuffed and that handed me a laugh on account of where would I put it once I got it home, right? I don't think you could get it through the street out there. Then they asked me did I want some of it to eat it and I told them they had to be kidding. I mean who could eat something like that, for Christ's sake, and you could smell it starting to rot. Anyhow, it was something, my catching it, cause there's hardly any of them left. *CLICK.*



PHIL: Now this was a really terrific place and the fellow who run it one of the funniest fellows you'd ever care to meet. A really swell souvenir shop and we bought a whole bunch of stuff there. You saw that thing in the bathroom, hah? What'd you think of that? And a whole bunch of other stuff, too.

MADGE: That's Billy there, wearing the mask. He got sick in it on the flight back. What a mess.

PHIL: Anyhow, that fellow that run the souvenir shop was a hell of a funny guy. *CLICK.*



PHIL: So on the last day of the tour they took us to the Holy City there, which was out in the desert away from the town. There were these Martians at the entrance playing what was supposed to be a song of greeting, our guide told us, but it sounded to me more like a bunch of cats in heat, right, Madge?

MADGE: I had to laugh. *CLICK.*



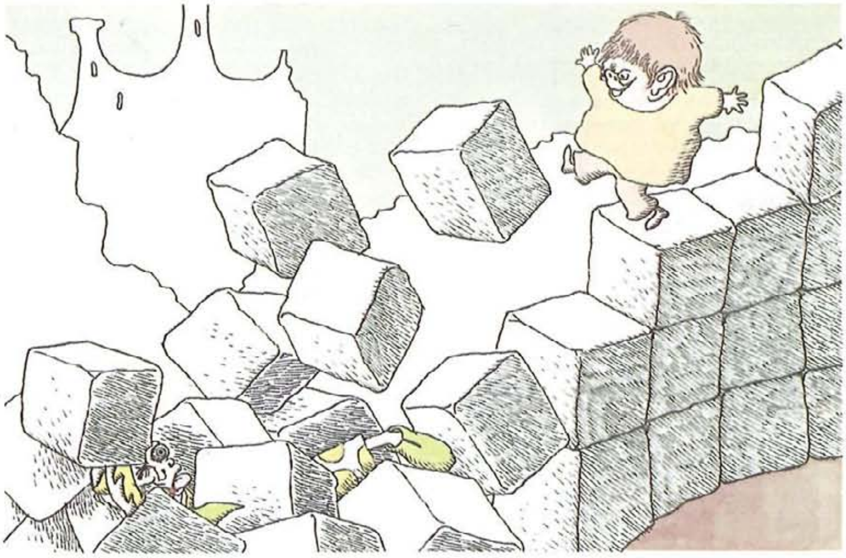
PHIL: Speaking of laughing, here's Mr. Parker again. Seemed to me he was always laughing at something or other.

MADGE: Sometimes he'd laugh at nothing at all.

PHIL: Well here he is fit to bust on account he can't break off any of these statues right. I don't know how many he tried, must have been at least twenty, but he never did get one to break at the feet like he wanted to.

MADGE: He was going to make it into a lamp stand.

PHIL: See the stone they use there is very porous and light and what with the gravity and all being what it is you can make like Superman. Really a lot of fun. *CLICK*.



PHIL: Here's Billy, pushing over a whole, entire wall! Hard to believe, isn't it? Boy, that kid really went to town. Oh yeah, and this picture cleared up a little mystery we had all the way on the flight back which was: whatever happened to Mr. Parker, and if you look down at the left-hand corner of the picture there you can see what happened to him.

MADGE: Billy mustn't have seen he was there. *CLICK*.



PHIL: So here's Madge and Billy and we're all leaving the Holy City and Mars and I'm not ashamed to tell you we were a little choked up, you know? And it wasn't just the dust and all, it was knowing we'd probably never live to see Mars again.

MADGE: Now, Phil . . .

PHIL: No, it's true, Madge—hell, we might as well admit it. We're not kids anymore. That was our last chance. I just wish we'd done more while we were there.

MADGE: There's always Billy, dear.□

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than usual, he thought.

He had scarcely remanded his two junior officers to custody when he received a call from the bridge.

"Spock here, Captain. I'm afraid I have some bad news for you. In your absence, Engineering reported the disappearance of our entire supply of dilithium crystals."

Kirk was staggered. Without dilithium crystals, the great engines of the *Enterprise* were so much junk. He and his crew were stranded in orbit around a miserable blue mudball, seventeen million light years from Earth. This on top of the loss of his chief engineer . . . He felt suddenly the need for a shot of Saurian brandy.

"Spock, do what you can. I'll meet you on the bridge in ten minutes. Kirk out."

He turned from the wall grid and walked rapidly to Dr. McCoy's medical complex. His head throbbed dully.

"Bones," he called, "everything's gone wrong. Scotty's dead, Sulu and Chekov are acting insane, and our entire dilithium crystal supply has vanished."

McCoy entered from his inner lab. "And you thought a nice shot of Saurian brandy might help, I'll bet. Well, fine. In fact, I prescribe it." He poured a shot of the ruby liquor and passed it to Kirk with a wink.

"Bones, thanks." Kirk downed it, felt grateful for the small fireball it made in his belly. "Now, about Sulu and——"

"Way ahead of you, Jim boy. Those two've been acting strange for a few days now. I think I've synthesized the curative serum. Come have a look."

Kirk followed him into the rear lab. On the far wall, hanging by her wrists from a pair of brackets, was Nurse Chapel. She was nude.

"Bones, what . . . ?"

"Yes, I'm proud of her too, Jim. Christine is donating a vital ingredient to that serum I just mentioned. Aren't you, honey?" He reached up and titillated her labia with a medical tool.

"Marrghhhh! Leonard, Leonard, you Svengali," moaned Nurse Chapel, and several droplets of bright, clear liquid winked from her interior to plop into a Florence flask affixed between her thighs by an arrangement of clamps. McCoy pulled the flask free and held it up for inspection.

"See, Jim? Essence de Low Tide!"

Kirk strode rapidly to a wall grid. "Security to Dr. McCoy's laboratory, on the double."

Dr. McCoy began to laugh.

After the doctor was led away, Kirk half-ran to an elevator. He wanted the solidity of Spock, needed his counsel. But when he arrived on the bridge, he found it deserted but for Lieutenant Uhura.

"Where is everybody? Where's Spock?"

"Ah don' know, Cappin. When Missuh Spock say you wuz comin' up, dey all start laughin'. Den dey run out an' Spock go chasin' after dem."

Kirk rolled his eyes helplessly. "What is going *on* around here? Lieutenant, contact Starfleet immediately. I need help." He took his captain's chair.

He felt numbed by the recent sequence of events, too dispirited even to make a log entry. He didn't notice Uhura standing quietly beside him for several moments.

"Oh, Lieutenant. You've reached Starfleet?"

"Yassuh, Cappin, ah got an open channel on de receiver mah daddy give me." She lifted her uniform skirt and thrust her nether Afro at Kirk, spreading herself open with the fingers of both hands. From within, a tiny voice called, "Kirk, are you there? This is Starfleet Command calling the *Enterprise*. Have we been cut off?"

Kirk could find no words. "Here, Cappin," purred Uhura, mounting his chair and pushing her pud close to his face. Just then, the elevator doors whisked open and Spock strode briskly onto the bridge.

"Captain?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Spock! Am I ever glad to see you! Listen, we've got to—Lieutenant, *will* you get off me?—do something! The whole crew's gone crazy!"

Yes, sir. I believe I have isolated the cause. It appears that after you beamed down alone to the planet, Mr. Scott and Dr. McCoy removed about a third of the dilithium crystals and snorted them."

"They *snorted* our dilithium crystals?"

"That is correct, Captain. They seemed pleased at the physiological consequences and made an aerosol of the remaining crystals, which they disseminated through the ship's ventilators some minutes before Scott and the others joined you on the planet's surface." He paused. "Naturally, as a Vulcan, I was unaffected."

"Spock, will *I* be affected?"

"Yes, sir, you will. But I believe I have found an antidote for you. On Vulcan, it has long been known that many forms of mental imbalance can be easily cured by the ingestion of certain internal fluids of Terran females. In fact, before your world and mine established diplomatic contact, Vulcans occasionally appeared on Earth in what your ancestors called "flying saucers" and removed a female or two. Remember Amelia Earhart? But I digress. I suggest you allow Lieutenant Uhura to help you."

He sat Kirk back down and motioned to the comely communications officer, who eagerly reattained Kirk's chair arms, squatted, and drew his face into the musky dimness of her chocolate parfait.

"Eat, Captain, you'll feel better," came Spock's distant voice.

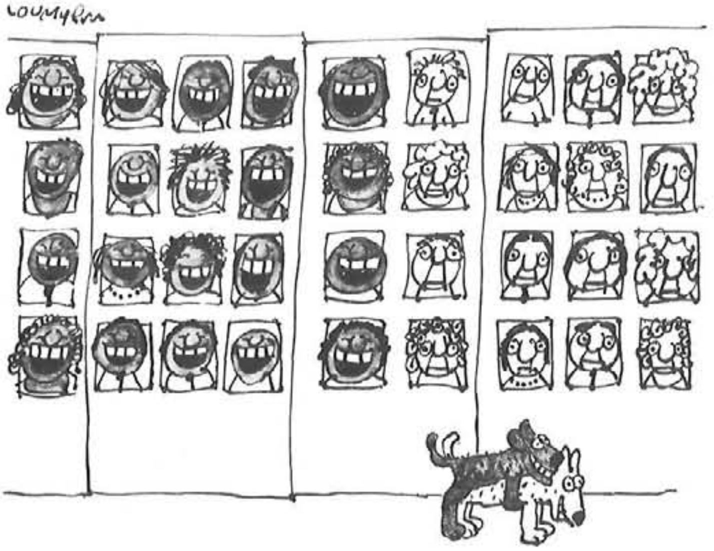
Shrugging, Kirk began to chew. He'd barely begun, however, when he felt the lieutenant's brimming muzzle pulled rudely away. He opened his eyes to find Scotty, Sulu, Chekov, McCoy, Nurse Chapel, and Spock arrayed before him, grinning and nudging one another.

"I think we can stop this little charade right here, Captain," said Spock.

"What are you talking about?" asked Kirk, bewildered. "Why?"

"Because, Jim," chanted his crew in unison, "this is the Old Dream Ending!"

And when Gene Roddenberry woke up, he found several mouthfuls missing from his mattress. □




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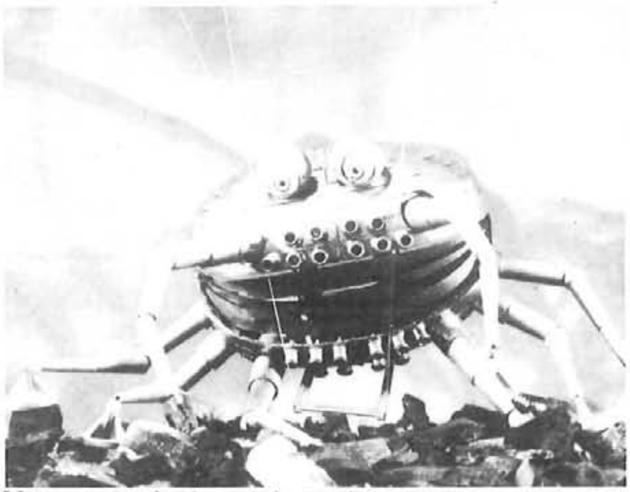
UFO was proud to sponsor the Ninth Annual Flying Saucer Convention in Ft. Lee, New Jersey, on April 23. The kick-off speaker was, again, Estrella the "Space Lady," well-known to all **UFO** fans as the charming reincarnated Corindian put on Earth to bring all mankind her message of Cosmic Love and Brotherhood. Estrella, who has an IQ of 270, was interrupted in her address and rudely asked the boiling point of water. The lovely Space Lady deftly handled the poor skeptic by informing him that on Corindor the figure was 565 galukas. But, when pressed for the exact location of our tenth planetary neighbor, Corindor, Estrella simply informed the troublemaker that it always stays on the opposite side of the sun, hence is naturally invisible to earth-chained astronomers. The Space Lady then put her hands to her temple and received a telepathic warning from her superiors that the "skeptic" was actually a spy from the evil planetoid Mallomar, and he was quickly escorted to his Chevrolet. . . . **Mrs. Hortense Mednick, eighty-four, of Wilmington, reported a UFO to us shortly before press time. The saucer appeared as a brilliant yellow object in the Eastern horizon about 6:30 A.M., gradually increased its elevation until approximately noon, and drifted slowly until it disappeared under the Western horizon about 6:30 P.M. Described as "very bright and about the size of a dime," this case is for the moment still in our growing "Unsolved" file, another link in the chain of evidence.** . . . As of this press date, our Special Subcommittee has had no results in its attempt to locate any one of the three elevators in the U.S. that connect with the caves of Doroes. So, whenever you are in an elevator, **push the basement button twice** and tell us if you hit the right one. . . . The Chagrin Falls Valley Herald **reports that a light appeared over the town at approximately 8:00 P.M. and then, disappeared.** . . . UFO authority George van Tassel's long-suppressed book, **The Enemy Below,** dealing with the threat to our nation's shipping from robot whales piloted by intelligent dolphins, is back in circulation and can be obtained by ordering any of the products of the Macao Fireworks Company. Just peel off the colored outer paper and paste the remainder together on shirt cardboards for easy reading. . . . **Our network of correspondents across the country confirm that the rash of "silvery metallic disks" observed hurtling through the Midwestern skies may not, after all, be attributable to the initial thrust of the Andromedan Star Pirates, but to the McReady Auto Demolition Derby, which has been (suspiciously) following the path of the Aliens' invasion route.** . . . The Bethesda, Maryland, chapter of the International Association of Unex-



AWOL on a UFO! (Long Beach, Fla.) Swearing to their story that they could not return to their Air Force base because they were held captive by a flying saucer, Sgts. Peter Gabel and Chris Hart hopefully await the outcome of their IQ tests and General Court Martial.



Oops! (Stockbridge, Mass.) Part-time farmer and full-time UFO enthusiast Daniel Lemming inadvertently displays a "blooper" to a cameraman attending next month's state convention. Mr. Lemming, you see, claims to be an emissary from Betelguese II, where oxygen is regarded as a poison gas. Having forgotten his filtered respirator, Mr. Lemming dissolved only minutes after this tricky pix was snapped!



Menace, anyone? (Akron, Ohio) Would anyone who knows who left this cute li'l critter in our offices last week please tell him to come get 'im? The little devil won't tell us where he lives and he's been eating all our typewriter ribbons.



Out-of-this-world fashion! (Chicago, Ill.) Miss Beatrice Knotts models a typical ensemble she bought on sale during her last vacation on Venus. "The Thing originally wanted seventy Credits," Miss Knotts giggles, "but I got it for less than twenty. Can you believe it? All you have to do is haggle."

plained Aerial Phenomena hosted its visiting "sister" organization, the Osaka Imperial Flying Saucer Alliance, during a three-day symposium in Maryland, and reportedly enjoyed the get-together thoroughly, particularly because they are both crack gin-rummy players! . . . **The long-standing debate between ufologist Wilbur Caisson of Plainfield, Illinois, and Albert Nestick of Chicopee, Massachusetts, over whether the Cerullian Sponge People power their craft with silicon or chicle seems to be over. Caisson has completely recanted his silicon hypothesis and embraced Nestick's chicle theory and is reportedly doing penance before a Kiwanis gumball machine in a downtown Plainfield barbershop.** . . . The president of the Fresno, California, chapter has confirmed the date (July 6) of the First Annual UFO Film Festival. Tickets are still available for screenings of **Invaders from Mars** and **Earth vs. the Flying Saucers**, but it's SRO for **Mothra** and **Rodan, The Flying Monster. The Three Stooges in Orbit** is completely sold out. . . . **More sightings have been reported from Montclair, New Jersey, where several saucers were seen by** UFO **subscribers making a rendezvous with an entire airborne tea service for eight and later heading toward South Orange at an estimated hundred million thousand miles an hour.** . . . And speaking of sellouts, the editor of **UFO** magazine is unhappily of the opinion that Lester Green's latest book, **Were Hippies Dropped from UFOs?**, reads much more like a facile political tract than a scientifically researched work such as his famous **The Quest for Johnny Saucerseed**. The new book totally lacks the research and scholarship of his first, in which he uncovered such startling information as the link between the antigravity devices described in both the **Tibetan Book of the Dead** and the **Bhagavad-Gita** and their influence on Babe, the Blue Ox; HAM radio operators; and the Abominable Snowmobile. . . . **Word has finally come from the ten missing delegates to last year's UFO convention held in Boston, Massachusetts. Apparently, the out-of-towners were confused by the Park Station track complex and inadvertently boarded a train whose Boylston stop occasionally switches the tracks into a modified Mobius strip. The conventioneers turned up last month in Saugus, Massachusetts, some twenty-five years younger than when they started, and quite astonished that Truman was reelected.**



Take me to your leader, man! (Cleveland, Ohio) These real cool cats put everyone in orbit at the monthly Cleveland UFO affiliates' dinner-dance.



Glad "hand" (?) (Pittsburgh, Pa.) Arriving early to autograph copies of its latest book, *We Come As Friends*, Kyrex-Thag, Jr., awaits the throngs who snapped up all five printings of its history-making first novel, *Of Course We're Real, You Dumbbells.*

Noted Ufologist-Historian Reveals...

HOW THE WEST WAS REALLY WON!

by Dr. Timothy Mayer



Once many buffalo. Then, White Eyes come. Kill all. Or so goes the old myth that the American Indian was exterminated by ever-increasing hordes of white settlers.

Myth? you might be saying to yourself, your eyebrows raised skeptically, **why everybody knows that the white man killed off the red man!** Everybody?

Well, when I was a graduate student at an important Ivy League university, I believed it too. Then I began to do a little research on my own on our "digs" in the Southwest. I began noticing clues that something far greater in destructive force than mere bullets had been used to incinerate entire Indian villages! Needless to say, I was careful not to publish my findings too early, lest they be read by disguised invaders who eventually trumped up charges against (*continued on page 99*)

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

UFOLOGISTS' EQUIPMENT SALES

LEATHER UFO FLIGHT JACKET



$39.95

plus $1 postage

Why be unprepared the next time *you're kidnapped* by beings who want to hold you ransom for all of the earth's ammonia? Made of radiation-resistant genuine leather, with snap-fly front, heavy-duty lining guaranteed to Absolute Zero Centigrade, and choice of individually wrapped ammonia "treats" or poison capsule.

PORTABLE SAUCER DETECTOR

Tested and proved by numerous satisfied ufologists. The next time you are walking through your cornfield at night and hear a strange humming sound or see a weird green light in the sky, be *sure* you've made your sighting with 3rd-I's PORTABLE SAUCER DETECTOR. Not a toy, this handy little sensor powered by two penlite batteries will give you advance warning of approaching Alien craft and time to offer them *ammonia pellets.*

NEW!



THIRD EYE PRODUCTS
119 Willow St., Akron, Ohio

YES, I WANT TO BE PREPARED WHEN THEY COME TO GET ME!

Please rush:

- ☐ UFO FLIGHT JACKETS @ $39.95
- ☐ PORTABLE SAUCER DETECTOR @ $17.95 each
- ☐ PENLITE BATTERIES @ 60 cents pr.
- ☐ X-TRA AMMONIA PELLETS @ $1.25 per doz.

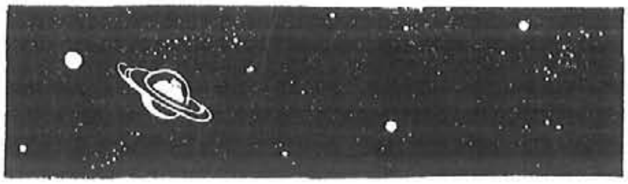
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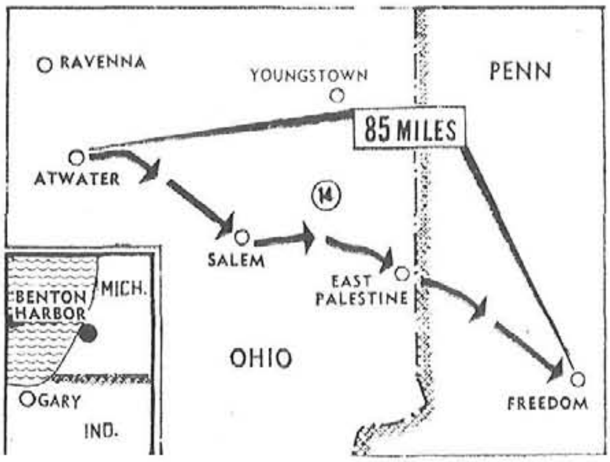
DON'T DELAY!
"The planet you save
may be your own!"

TRY TO
LIVE FOREVER PHYSICALLY
INSTRUCTIONS 25 CENTS
LEONARD AUSTIN, DE SOTO, IOWA





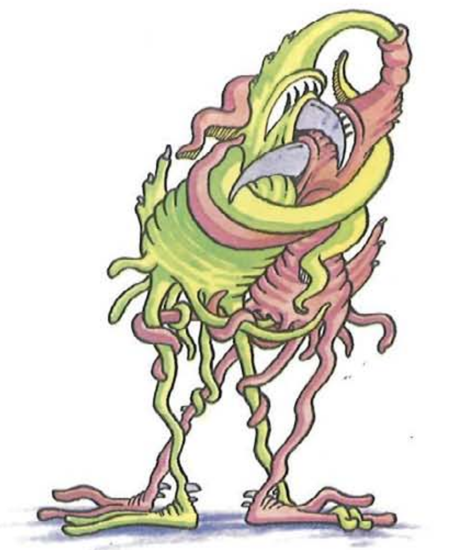
U. S. SAVINGS BONDS
ARE
DEFENSE BONDS



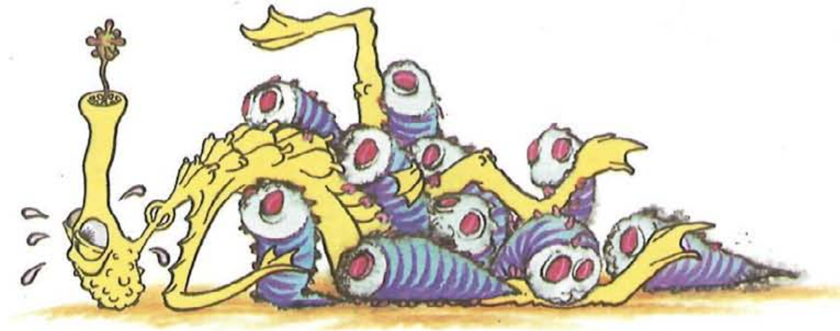


Sextraterrestrials

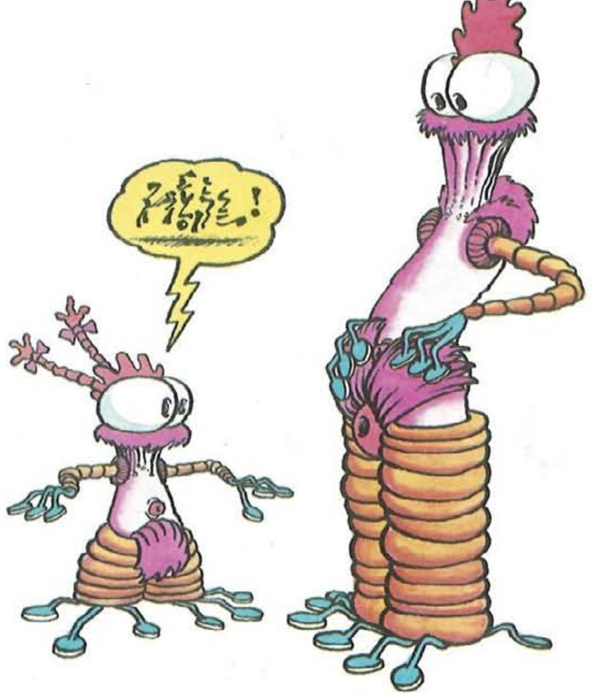
By Henry Beard



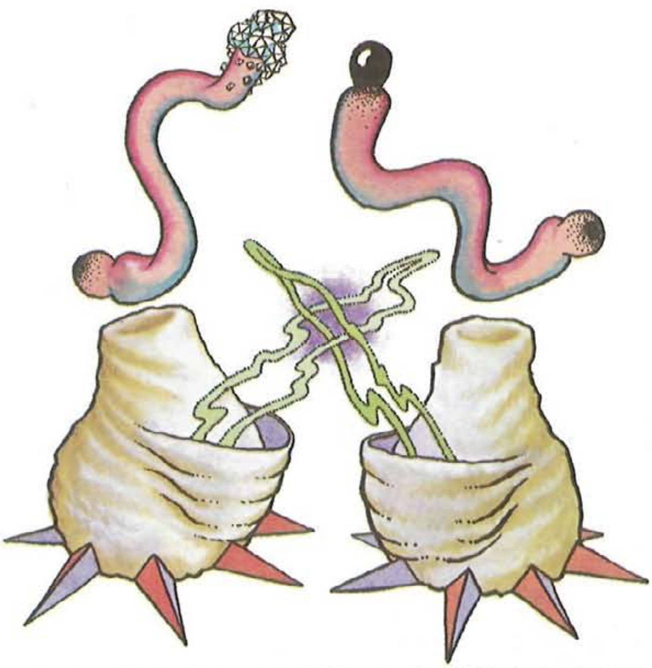
A pair of chameleon-like Beaked Tubers (probably a Dormant Positive and a True Negative) exchange amino acids and agree on constants prior to infracourse. Either that, or a pair of Lapsed Negatives in a suicide pact playing the Vegan equivalent of Go Fish, in which participants attempt to assemble pairs of internal organs.



A levorotary Omichron trimale of Beta Crucis 3 (who looks pretty close to Prime Factoring unless the artist is just being "funny") being serviced by a demi-phage of Furred Muffs. Impregnation will not take place, since the Muffs are four short of a quorum, but a motion to reseminate would probably carry if no one raises a point of order.



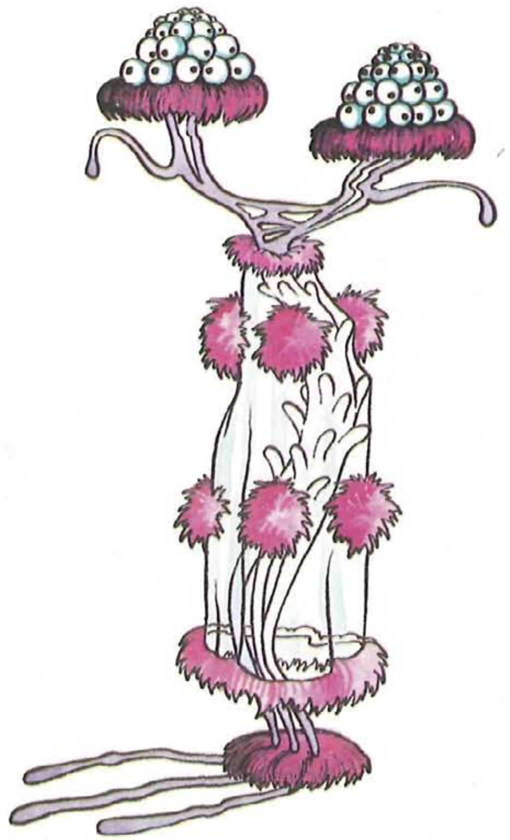
Depicted here is the unique form of oral foreplay found on Achenar 11, in which a submissive male uses jussive subjunctives, synonyms, feminine rhymes, palindromes, reflexive verbs, and other stimulating parts of speech to arouse a dominant female. Grammar books and thesauri are sold under the counter on Achenar, and bathroom graffiti typically consists of suggestive sentence diagrams.



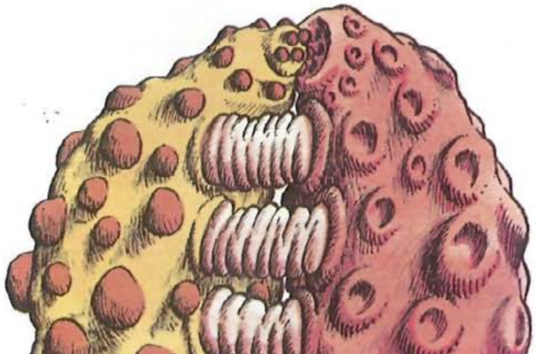
A pair of Spiked Parcels, inhabitants of a highly ionized planet in the 61 Cygni system, engage in heteroelectric intercourse while two Voyeur Worms (a male and a female are shown) look on. It is extremely dangerous to approach a sleeping Parcel, since proximity to these curious creatures during one of their frequent watt dreams can result in third-degree burns.



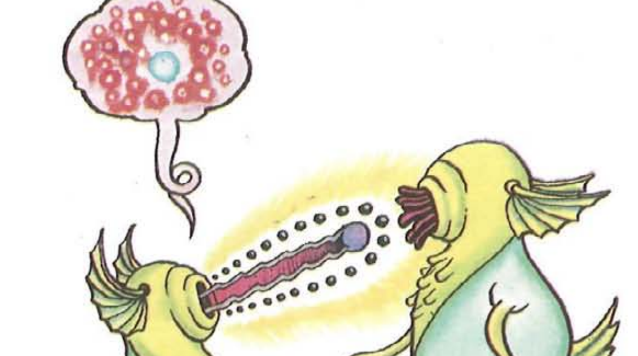
Frankly, the less said about this scene, the better. If you're planning a trip to Canopus 5, you would be well-advised to undergo Cerebral Erasure, unless your idea of fun is spending sixteen weeks of ritual purification committing the Canopan *Code of Dismounted Ethics* to memory in a silicone sitz-bath.



The totally hermaphroditic Ogling Hatracks of Pollux 7 get their "jollies" with an astonishing array of highly mathematical fetishes, including a complicated logarithmic truss made of Mendelvium and a kind of robe woven according to the Fibonacci sequence. They *also* possess contortionist abilities, which, together with their instinctive mastery of topographym, makes it possible for them to practice a novel form of self-abuse by projecting parts of their bodies into the fourth dimension.



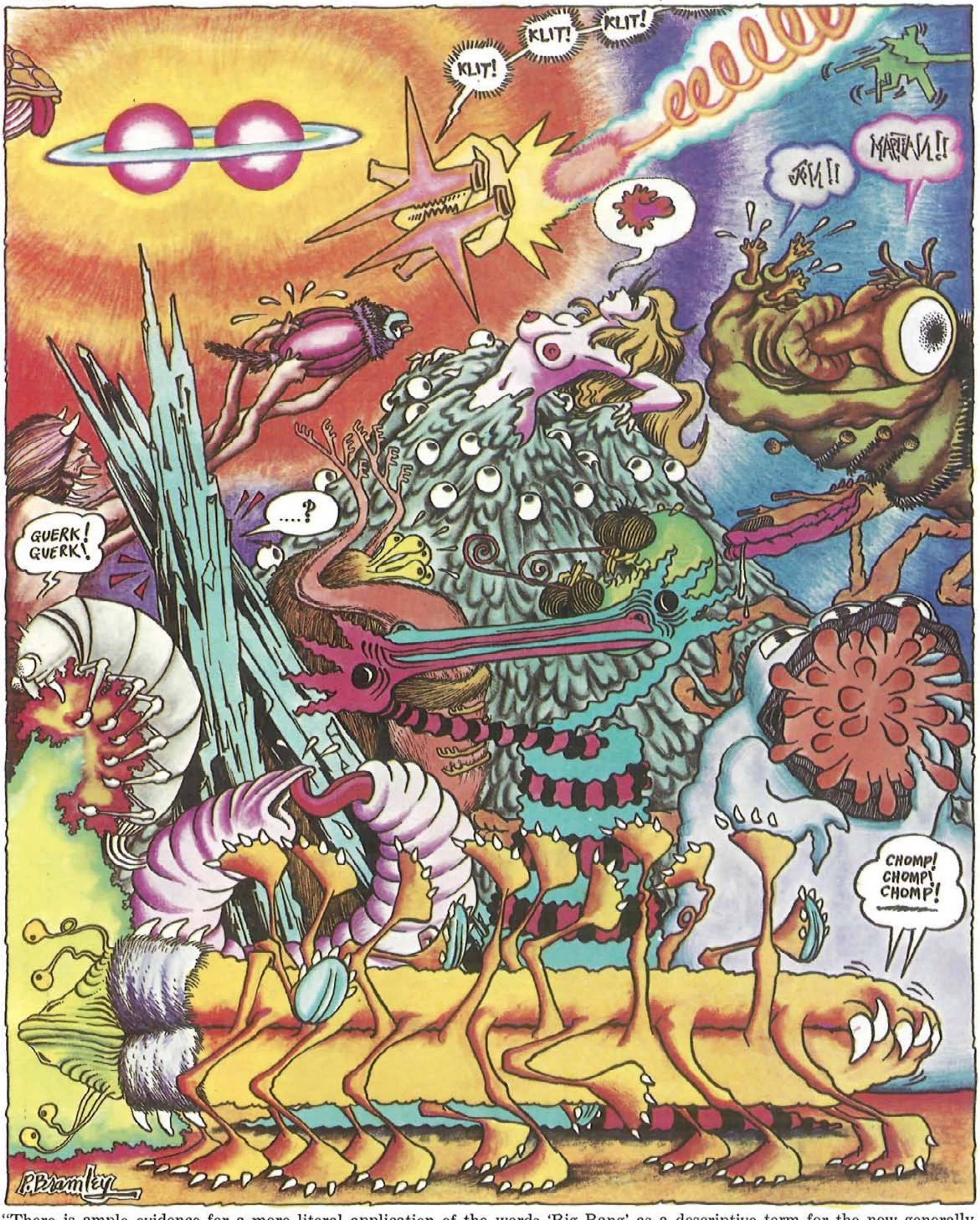
For the Slow Boulders of Procyon 9, the process of locating, wooing, and mating with a suitable partner seldom takes less *than forty years*, and, *perhaps* as a result, they are extremely prudish, rarely appearing without a thick coating of moss and obsessed with a fundamentalist notion of sex as sin-based on a "First Fault." The planet has been placed off limits since the discovery that it was impossible to walk any distance on it without contributing to the delinquency of a pebble.



On Lalande 21185/3, when a male Purled Wen sees a female who meets his fancy, he "gives her the eye." Oddly, this interesting form of sexual contact has *nothing* whatever to do with the production of young, who are obtained through mail-order catalogues.

continued

continued



"There is ample evidence for a more literal application of the words 'Big Bang' as a descriptive term for the now generally accepted theory of dynamic universe formation."—Walter Spinrad, "A Brief Guide to Regenerative Activity Among Type 1, Multigender, Alpha Scale, Standard Temporal Scale Species in the Local Group," Vol. 136. □

continued from page 65

They were usually a sorry lot. This time was no exception. She'd found a crawl space under the house and had her puppies way underneath. I bellied under some forty feet before I found them, and it happened to be right under Pruzy's bathroom. Though puppies were my immediate preoccupation, I couldn't help noticing the plumbing. There were hot and cold pipes to the washstand and a cold feed to the toilet, shiny new pipe. And you know what else?

Nothing else. No waste pipe. I mean, no sewer, no outlet. I'm telling you, Fred, nothing. And don't tell me I could be wrong. Water pipes are half-inch, maybe three-quarters, but waste plumbing is big, man—four to seven inches.

I didn't say anything to Niwa about it, but the next day I went up on the roof. There was a vent pipe, sure enough. I hung an ear on it. Air was passing through it all right—*inward*. Before I could check it out it stopped, and then started again.

Outward.

Fred, it was going in and out about twenty-five to the minute. Like breathing.

I didn't say anything about that to Niwa either. Not then.

It was the next day—yesterday—when the girls were out that I decided on a confrontation with the thing. Well, to tell the truth, it was my lower gut that decided me. I was on my way to the old familiar comfortable john when I suddenly thought of that purring pot of Pruzy's. (In our minds it has become completely hers; neither of us ever use it.) So in I went.

There it sat, low, wide . . . waiting. I reached down and touched the pale hump, and the cover snicked back instantly and almost silently. I looked down into that moist, convoluted red surface and worried a little. Well, I thought, okay, but one at a time, all right?

So, man-style, I stood in front of the thing and let fly.

Fred, the best possible way to describe what happened is to say it gasped in astonishment. I don't think it objected; I just don't think it had ever met a man before. For a split second a black orifice appeared way down deep, then the sidewalls sort of bulged and rubbed together and it, well, swallowed. Well, dammit, you don't have to believe me. But now that I'm started I'm going to tell it all.

I'm not usually a stubborn guy, but I'd come in there to do something and I meant to do it. Also to find out something. So I sat down to finish what I had started.

For a moment that thing and I, both of us, I'll swear, we held our breaths. Then I had a rush of brains to the head and grabbed the family jewels and held 'em up as high as I could. I mean I wanted answers but I wasn't about to walk out of there singing soprano, and it dimly occurred to me that this thing might be designed to remove anything it hadn't programmed itself for.

Well there was this tense moment, like the one in the cowboy pictures when the walkdown is over and the shooting hasn't started yet, and then I let fly. I submit to you that I'm not characteristically one of those strain-and-ponder types who has his forty-minute ritual. I don't go till I have to and when I have to I go altogether.

I never fazed this thing. At the first show of anything, something warm and moist zocked me gently and firmly on the bull's-eye and—now dammit, I can see your face as you read this, Fred; it's *true!* Also, it's not funny—and it applied just as much suction as I supplied pressure. It made the whole thing so easy and so fast that even before my reflexes could pucker me up I was done. I came up off that thing as if it was hot—which it wasn't—and even in that split second I was aware of why Pruzy never had to use toilet paper. I suppose I made a deal of noise, too. Next thing I was aware of I was flat on my face in the hall. You want to escape as fast as I wanted to escape, you pull up your pants first. And behind me the damn thing's going *hroom, hroom, hroom,* happy as catnip.

Well, that's the story, except for Pruzy. I guess I was a little hysterical when the girls got home because I was yelling that we had to move; I mean flat out, no argument, we were getting out of here. As soon as Pruzy got the gist of it she came alive like I have never seen before. Could she have the place? Could she take over the lease? And Niwa, flabbergasted, shouting at me what do you mean, move? Are you out of your thing, man? What about the garden?

The picture that overrides that whole wild scene is the imperturbable Pruzy, eyes glowing, voice breathy, saying over and over, "Please, you must, you know. I love this house. I love it, love it, love it. . . ." The only way I could cut the chaos was to take Niwa out in the car then and there and tell her what had happened.

She took it hard—not the idea of moving: you can always get another house. Not even the garden, though it's a shame after all that love and work, because you see, once you clear ground and plant something, that's more important than harvesttime, you take so much away with you. Why Niwa cries a lot is that she feels she's failed. She'd thought she would go to any lengths, do anything, live any way that would bring us closer to the cycle of earth and natural food, recycle, replenish . . . but she had to draw the line at Pruzy's pot, which (like all of us) lived off the products of other life-forms. If it was bred to deliver special joys, that was no different from the function of fragrant flowers or bright sweet fruit, right? But she couldn't cut it, and that made her whole conviction about life-style look like a hypocrisy and a failure, and she cries a lot. For all that, neither of us can take the image of Niwa, too, coming out of a two-hour session with Pruzy's pot, saying breathily, "I love it, love it. . . ." Ecch.

So find us a house, Fred, as far away from here as you can, and if it's one with plastic walls and monofilament rugs and a kitchen full of dials and bells—fine, man, fine. □



"His undershirts are as big as China and his socks the size of New Jersey."

Martian Jokes

by Christopher Rush

Q: How can you tell if a Martian has been in your house?
A: All your light bulbs have been eaten and there are little lumps of quartz on your rug.

Q: What's the difference between a Martian fart and a sandstorm?
A: A sandstorm doesn't glow in the dark.

Q: How can you tell if a Martian has been drinking?
A: You can smell the methane on his breath and he slurs his *x*'s.

Q: What do you call a Martian with purple fungus and green slime covering his face?
A: Well-groomed.

Q: On Mars, what happens when you sneeze?
A: They wash your mouth out with silicone.

Q: On Mars, what do they call something with eight legs, two sets of wings, a green skin, four eyes, a pair of antennae, an oral-nasal-aural cavity, and a pincer tail?
A: Gimpy.

Q: What do you call an amoeba with black net stockings?
A: A Venusian hooker.

Q: On Mars, what's the word for Earth?
A: How would you like your mouth washed out with silicone?

Q: What do you call a hunchback Martian?
A: Pregnant.

Q: Why do Martians have so many highway accidents?
A: Because it's hard to keep your eye on the road when you're worshiping the gearshift.

Q: What's thirty-three?
A: Martian sixty-nine.

Q: What do you do if a Martian winks at you?
A: If it's a female, pretend you have a hangnail; if it's a male, bury him.

Q: What do you call a bushel of computer wiring with mayonnaise?
A: Martian coleslaw.

Q: How can you tell a male Martian from a female Martian?
A: Female Martians can't do square roots.

Q: What's the most important thing for a Shriner to take to Mars?
A: A table of square roots.



illustration by Stan Mack

Q: What's the difference between a Sirchian and a Portuguese man-of-war?
A: A Portuguese man-of-war doesn't wear galoshes.

Q: What are a Martian's favorite pastimes?
A: Dry-ice fishing, sand skiing, and wishing he were dead.

Q: Why do Martians wish they were dead?
A: Have you ever been to Mars?

Q: What is the most impressive sight a sightseer can see on Mars?
A: Postcards of the asteroids.

Q: What do you call a Martian who tips his hat?
A: A flasher.

Q: What do you call a Martian feminine-hygiene spray?
A: Underarm deodorant.

Q: What do you call a Martian breast-feeding its young?
A: Daddy.

Q: Why don't Martians like space travel?
A: They get saucersick.

Q: What do you call a Martian twiddling his thumbs?
A: Masturbator.

Q: Why are there so few Martian poets?
A: Did you ever try to rhyme logarithms?

Q: What's a Martian's favorite book?
A: *Twenty Thousand Logs Under the Secant.*

Q: If a Martian knew he was going to be marooned and had the whole of Martian literature to choose from, what would he take?
A: Poison.

Q: What do you call a Roman candle with Vaseline?
A: A Martian suppository.

Q: Why are Martian paintings so dull?
A: Because they only see in the police band.

Q: What's the difference between the centerfold in a Neptunian girlie magazine and grape Jell-O?
A: Jell-O doesn't have pubic hair.

Q: What do you call a Brillo pad with foam rubber melted over it?
A: A Martian cheeseburger.

Q: What's the difference between a soiled Kleenex and a young Martian?
A: Martians are better behaved.

Q: How do you tell a sleeping Gomperite from a garbage pile?
A: A garbage pile doesn't have wet dreams.

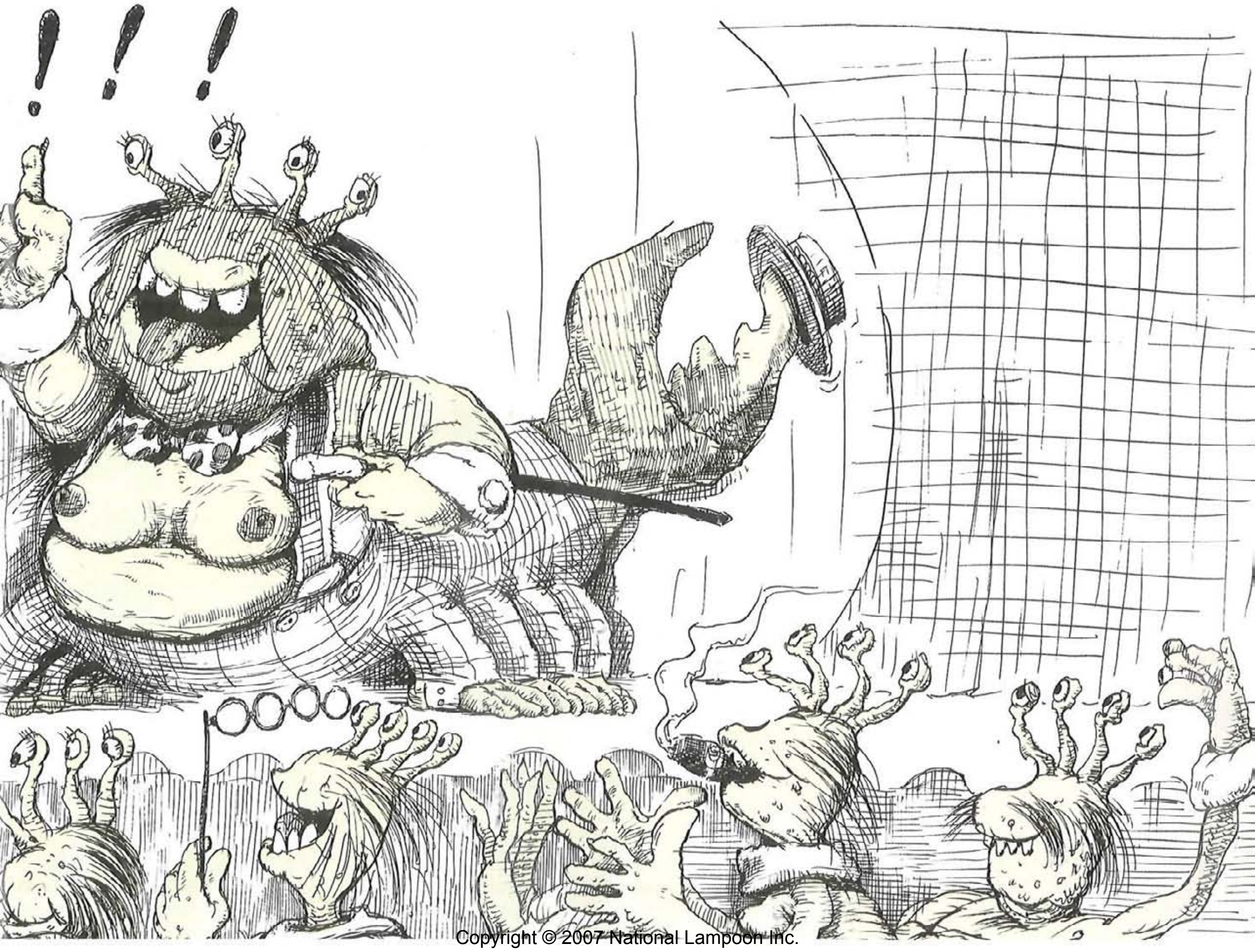
Q: How do Martians mate?
A: Better you should ask *why*.

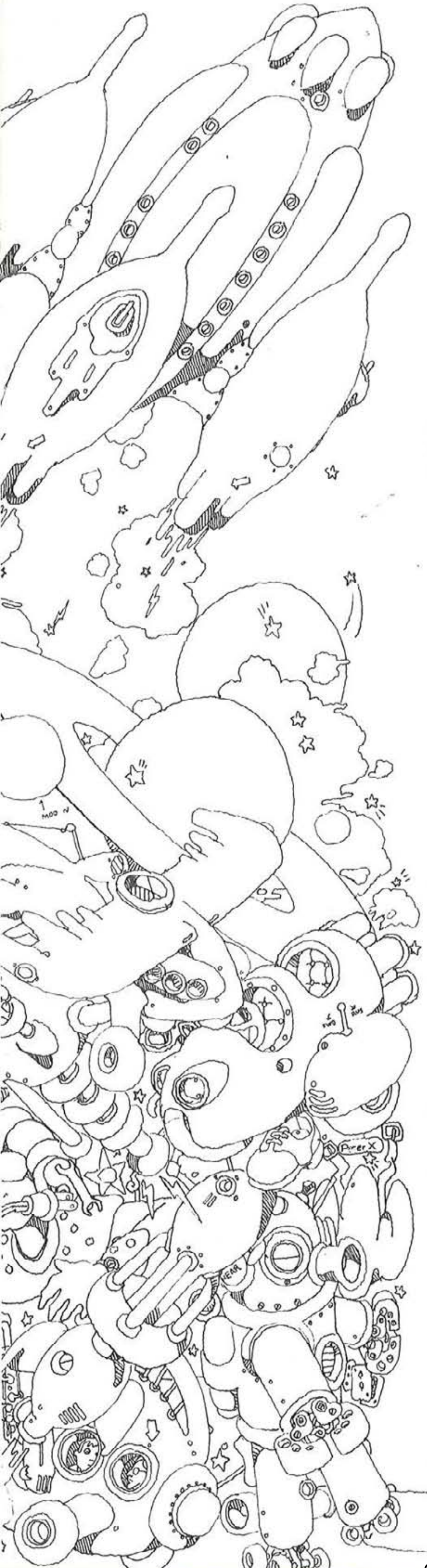
Q: What's a Martian amusement park?
A: A sewage-treatment plant that charges an admission fee.

Q: What do you call a mint-flavored claymore mine?
A: Martian Tums.

Q: What do you call a Martian who farts in the bathtub and bites his own bubbles?
A: Well-adjusted.

Q: What do you call a Martian with a lightning rod up his ass?
A: Junkie. □





Sci-Fi Quiz

by Mike Olshan

Each question is worth two points.

Buck Rogers—movie version

1. With what planet was Buck trying to establish diplomatic relations?
2. On behalf of whom?
3. Who was his adversary?
4. Who was his girl friend?
5. What was his method of access to refuge?
6. What was his origin?

Flash Gordon—movie version (all three)

1. What was the name of the king of the Forest People?
2. Who was the king of the Hawkmen?
3. What were Ming's robot warriors called?
4. What kept the Hawkmen's city suspended in the air?
5. How did the Nitron Lamp work?
6. Name the god of Mongo.

Captain Marvel—comics version

1. Who was Captain Marvel's alter ego and what was his profession?
2. Who was Captain Marvel, Jr.'s alter ego and what was *his* profession?
3. Marvel's adversary was the world's maddest scientist, Dr.________, who always wore________.
4. Who was the third of the Marvel family?
5. Who was Shazam?

Superman—comics version

1. What is Luthor's first name?
2. What is Superman's real name?
3. Who were Superman's natural parents?
4. How can Mr. Mxyztplk be banished?
5. Exactly how does kryptonite work on Superman?

For Experts Only

1. What was Straight Arrow's war cry?
2. What was the name of Bobby Benson's ranch?
3. Who sponsored "Captain Midnight"?
4. Who was the "Sky Marshal of the Universe"?
5. Who was Buzz Cory?
6. Who came from the Emerald Planet to save Japan?
7. What did Vigilante ride?
8. Name all seven Blackhawks.
9. Who was the suzerain of Herculon?
10. What is the name of Aquaman's favorite octopus?
11. How did the Doom Dust work?
12. What did Dr. Newton's Cold Light work?
13. Who was Ichabod Mudd?
14. How did the City of Kandor get into that bottle?
15. Who placed a radioactive belt around Earth to protect it?

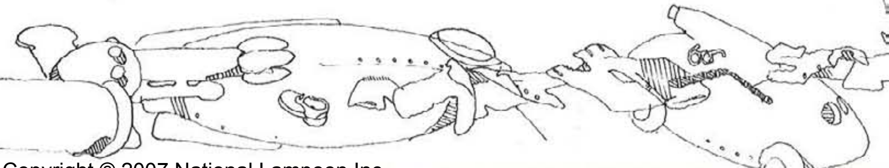
Can You Identify These Quotations?

1. "Gort, Klaatu borado mikto!"
2. "These Earthmen are a stupid lot. They've never seen a light bridge before!"
3. "Pinto Portando likes you, Bobby!"
4. "Tanvar Negato, tanvar Negato!"
5. "Calling the Ruler, calling the Ruler . . ."
6. "In brightest day, in darkest night/ No evil shall escape my sight."
7. "Holy moly!"

What Actor Played:

1. MING
2. DR. ZARKOV
3. ROCKY JONES
4. CAPTAIN MARVEL
5. CAPTAIN VIDEO
6. SUPERMAN





Key

Buck Rogers

1. Saturn. You may recall that the Saturnians were played by Orientals.
2. Dr. Huer and the Council of Scientists in the Hidden City
3. Killer Kane, who parted his hair in the middle
4. Wilma
5. The mountain hinged open and the Hidden City was inside it. The rocket flew in and the mountain closed.
6. He was a twentieth-century aviator who went into suspended animation while testing an experimental dirigible.

Flash Gordon

1. Toran. They were all midgets and swung on ropes.
2. Voltan, a sort of winged Henry VIII
3. Annihilatons. They were walking bombs and carried spears.
4. It was powered by furnaces into which slaves shoveled radium.
5. It removed the nitron from Earth's atmosphere, upsetting the natural balance.
6. Tayo (on Mars it was Kayloo)

Captain Marvel

1. Billy Batson, the boy newscaster on radio station WHIZ
2. Freddy Freeman, the crippled newsboy
3. Dr. Sivana, who wore a white lab coat and thick glasses and looked very Jewish
4. Mary Marvel. She had brown hair and big tits.
5. The wizard who gave Billy the power to become Captain Marvel. They met in an abandoned subway tunnel.

Superman

1. Lex
2. Kal-El
3. Jor-El and Lara. (Did you know that "El" is a Hebrew word meaning God?)
4. He must be tricked into saying his name backwards.
5. His red corpuscles turn green. This is called kryptonite poisoning, and it is very painful.

For Experts Only

1. Kaneewah, Fury! Fury was Straight Arrow's horse.
2. The B-Bar-B Ranch
3. Chocolate-flavored Ovaltine! Zoom!
4. Commando Cody
5. The hero of "Space Patrol"
6. Star Man
7. The Vigilante-Cycle, a big black Indian with a suicide-shift. (A cowboy riding an Indian!!!!)
8. Blackhawk, Chuck, André, Olaf, Stanislaus, Hendrickson, Chop-Chop
9. Cleolantha
10. Topo. He's very affectionate.
11. It causes the Purple Plague, which turns you into a slave unless your will is very strong. If your will is that strong, it kills you.
12. It created a field that could make the rocket invisible.
13. Captain Midnight's comic-relief sidekick
14. Braniac shrank it for his collection.
15. Commando Cody

Quotations

1. From *The Day the Earth Stood Still.* The robot Gort is told that the Martian Klaatu is dead.
2. From the second Flash Gordon film. The guards who have captured Flash and are leading him across the light bridge make this remark as he balks.
3. From *Rocky Jones.* Pinto Portando, the space pirate with the tasseled phalangist hat, says this to Rocky's captured juvenile sidekick.
4. Also from *Rocky Jones.* The ruler of the gypsy moon Posita says this in fury. It means "Destroy Negato." Negato was the twin of Posita, the two being linked by an atmosphere belt. He can hardly be blamed for his anger, as the Negatans were using a horrible weapon called Negato Music.
5. From the Commando Cody film. The Ruler's agents would shout this into a microphone attached to a strange transmitter with a spinning antenna.
6. This is the opening couplet of the Green Lantern's oath. It continues, "Let those who worship evil's might / Beware my power, Green Lantern's light."
7. Captain Marvel used this expression when he was amazed.

Actors

1. Charles Middleton
2. Frank Shannon
3. Tom Tyler
4. Al Hodge
5. George (not Steve) Reeves □

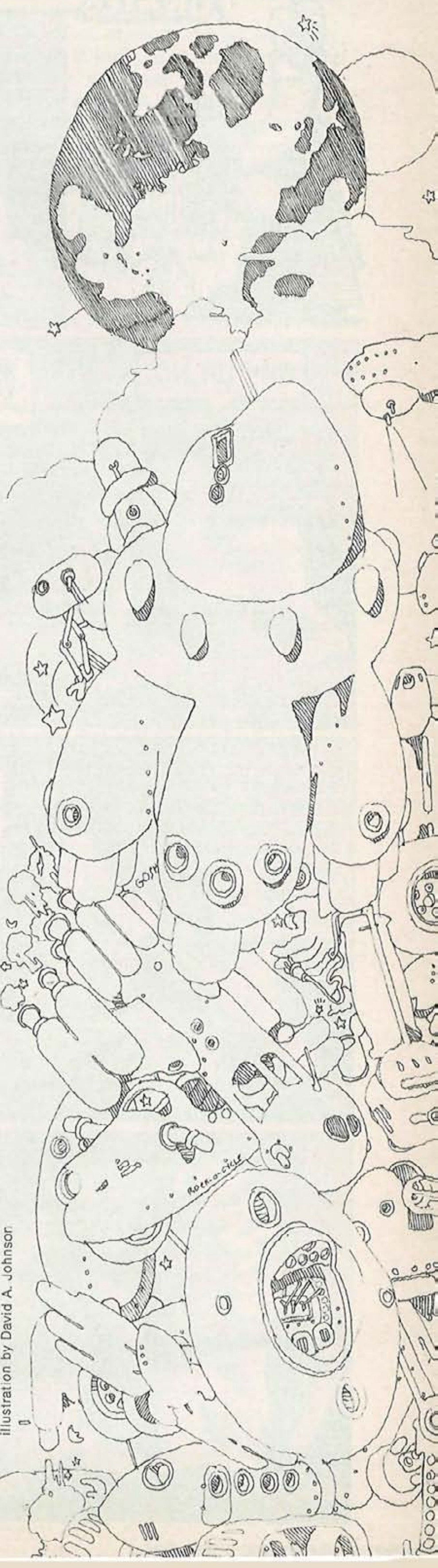
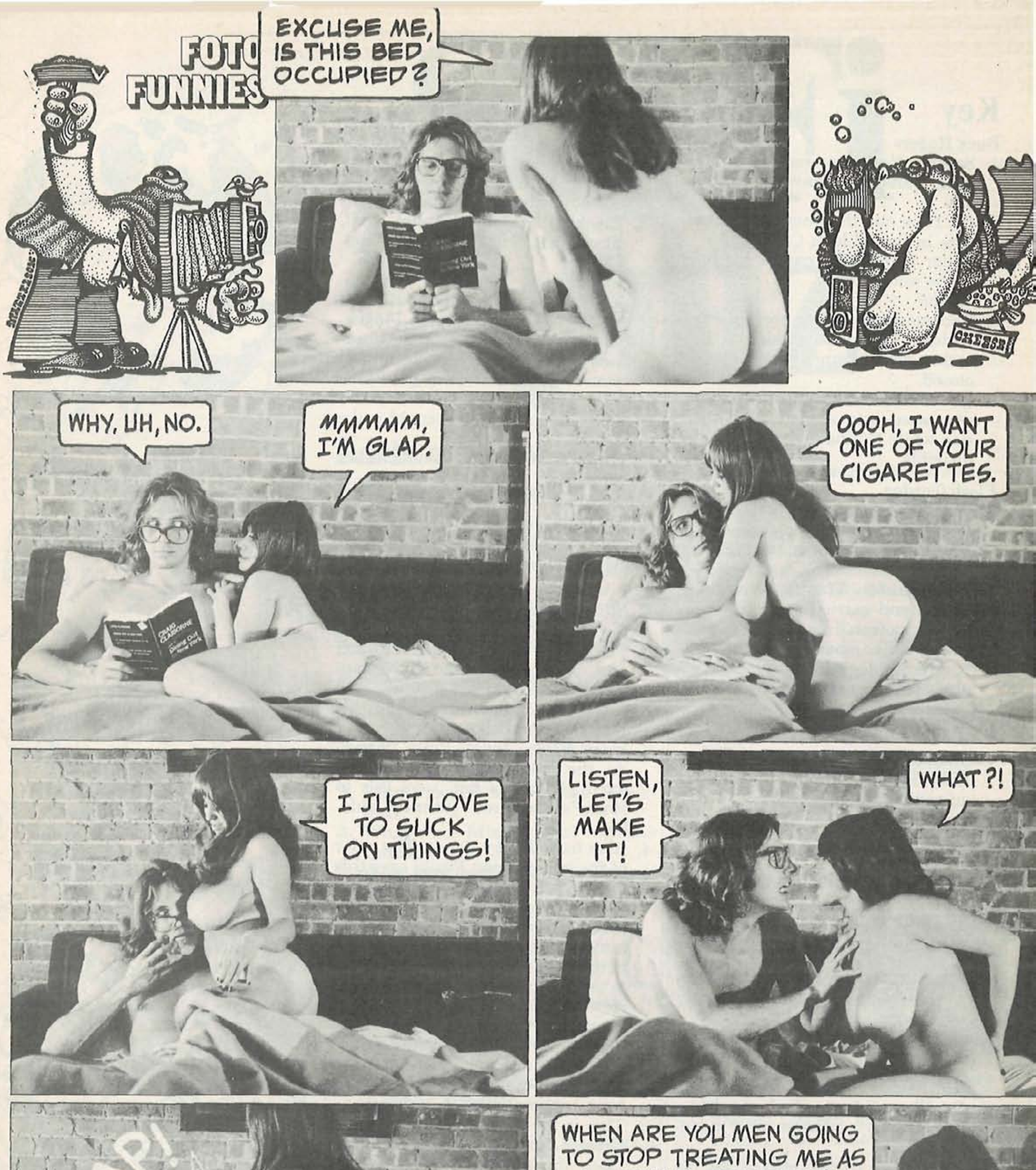


illustration by David A. Johnson


FOTO FUNNIES
EXCUSE ME, IS THIS BED OCCUPIED?
WHY, UH, NO.
MMMMM, I'M GLAD.
OOOH, I WANT ONE OF YOUR CIGARETTES.
I JUST LOVE TO SUCK ON THINGS!
LISTEN, LET'S MAKE IT!
WHAT?!
WHAP!
WHEN ARE YOU MEN GOING TO STOP TREATING ME AS A SEXUAL OBJECT?

continued from page 52
in use these days: water pipes, stone pipes, hookahs, clay pipes, metal-plumbing-fixture pipes, even clear glass pipes of coiled tubing like the fancy lemonade straws of ailing children. For my money, not one of them touches a plain, old corncob such as is purchasable at your corner tobacconist's. Forget head shops. Head shops will sell anything; they're worse than Harlem furniture stores. Head shops are becoming the downtown equivalent of those arcade novelty shops that sell cocktail coasters shaped like breasts and bottletop pour-plugs topped by cute, peeing children. Myself, I use a beat-up wooden number that cost 59 cents at Woolworth's, where it was a Real Indian Peace Pipe. It's painted yellow and has a deep bowl into which I periodically fit fresh faucet screens to keep the stem clear. I don't think it has much class, but I've never seen a pipe that could touch it for soul.

The pellets were sticky to the touch. Extra-thick resins, I told myself hopefully, and lit up. To my surprise, the pellets burned smoothly and emitted a smoke both cool and sweet, which was more than I could say for some grass I'd smoked. Usually I'm a cougher, but not with that stuff. It was *mellow*. So far, so good. Then, on the third toke, I began to feel effects.

Now, I'd smoked a pile of weed in my time, many kinds from many places. I'd smoked green weed, brown weed, black weed, red weed, and yellow weed from the United States, Mexico, Jamaica, Colombia, Morocco, Turkey, Lebanon, and Vietnam. I'd been stoned eating, playing guitar, sleeping, reading, and making love, in depression and in mania, and in conjunction with every other drug I'd ever been able to get my hands on. I'd rushed on mescaline, roller-coastered on acid, and rocketed on DMT. I'd zizzed on ups and nodded on downs. Psilocybin had put me in an endless Walt Disney cartoon. Peyote had showed me unparalleled religious visions the entire time I was throwing up. A concoction of parsley soaked in ether and bull tranquilizer, perversely called angel dust, had caused me to become trapped in a Che Guevara poster for three hours. On a beach, under a double tab of purple mescaline, I had attained oneness with the All and spoken to God. On cocaine, I had *become* God.

But, as I finished my third toke on the dope of the bone-eating dude from Colorado, I realized I'd never been high before.

How can I tell you? All traces of hangover vanished. Certain aches and muscle strains so familiar as to be unnoticed disappeared suddenly and shockingly, and my body filled with a grace and power I had never before known. I was lithe panther and massive grizzly bear, Rudolf Nureyev and Big Daddy Lipscomb, quicksilver motorcycle and twenty-ton truck. My blood sang; rhythm surged through my vitals.

I rushed to my guitar and pulled it from the wall, inadvertently plucking the bass E. It hummed like a roomful of Hindus. My apartment casually shattered into a million tiny shards, which melted and slowly coalesced into a pregnant sac of jeweled fog. It pulsed, swelled, and finally exploded soundlessly, flinging gobs of color like comets in all directions. When the room reappeared, it was a place transformed, filled with sudden warmth and unsuspected brightnesses.

Wonderingly, I realized that my guitar was weightless. My light grasp was necessary only to keep it from floating away. I ran an experimental finger across the strings.

Imagine a tidal wave of iron balls breaking upon six great coastal rocks that have been tuned like chimes. Multiply by a few thousand and you're starting to get warm.

I played. Eyes closed, I saw plucked notes streak away from me in glowing trajectories as a tiny machine-gunner dug in behind my optic nerve fired burst after burst of tracers into the blackness of my eyelids. My senses concentrated in my ears and fingertips; I was alone in a world of pure sound. I walked through chords hanging in space like lattices, examining, questioning, synthesizing. An unheard of but thoroughly possible new chordal dynamic was slowly forming in my mind. I stopped, concentrated, began playing again.

The song started slowly, like rain. It grew, it built, it became a torrent and then a deluge. Sheets of notes swept the room and the air was drenched with splashing dissonances. I felt close to drowning. In a grand crescendo, the storm broke, subsided, and vanished. Peace came.

And this was on three hits!

Either I'd just flipped out or I was in possession of the most super dope ever to hit New York. Confirmation was needed. I grabbed the pipe and flew down the stairs to Alan's studio.

Alan answered his door in towel and shaving lather. I guess I was a little excited because he stepped back in alarm as I charged in waving my pipe around my head and exclaiming inarticulately. Finally, I shut up and thrust the pipe toward him. He regarded it suspiciously.

"I assume you wish me to smoke this?"

I made an affirmative noise.

"What is it?"

I shrugged.

"What's it going to do to me?"

I rolled my eyes and broke into a carefree shuffle.

"I'm not so sure I'm ready for anything like that this morning." He started back toward the bathroom, but I caught him by the arm.

"For this, you've been waiting a lifetime. Come on, man, three tokes."

"Well, perhaps three tokes." Alan took the pipe. I watched closely. I

continued



could see from his face that he was damned if he'd be impressed by *any* dope this early in the day. And he did stay pretty cool: it took four whole tokes before the pipe fell out of his hand.

"My God," he cried, leaping to his feet, "every cell of my body has a hard-on!"

"Yeah?" That was a good sign.

"My room! My room!" He strode rapidly about, touching things. Then he grabbed me by my shoulders and shouted, "I *love* me!"

"Alan," I suggested casually, "try some drawing."

His eyes lit to the idea. Alan was a dropout lawyer whose consuming ambition was to be an artist. He had always dug drawing the gray old men who occupied the benches in Sheridan Square . . . which was fine, except that all his drawings wound up being of gray old men and so depressing no one would buy them. I had a strange feeling that today's drawing would not be a downer.

Alan spread open his pad and began to draw. The rear end of a boat began to take form. The felt-tip pen flew over the paper. The boat became a flag and grew to encompass fifty pointed frogs. Behind them appeared sweeping ramps on which entire amphibious populations ascended into swollen, lightning-charged clouds.

"My God, man," Alan shouted without looking up, "I've never done this before. Do you see my hand? Look what I'm drawing!"

Rain from the clouds caused lush plants to grow. One of them sprouted a fat, red tomato that fell onto the head of a girl in a Little Lulu dress. I couldn't tell if it actually *was* Little Lulu because the tomato was large and had enveloped her head. From one upraised hand she emitted beams of textured light so that the picture became divided into individually characterized pie wedges. A sea formed, with waves of molten metal cresting in incandescent spume.

Four tokes.

"Alan, I gotta go." It was almost noon and now for sure I didn't want to miss a certain phone call. I stood up.

"Hey, you got any more of that stuff?" Beneath Little Lulu's feet a carpet of wheeled peacocks was forming.

"Check me later," I called over my shoulder. I made the stairs three at a time, slammed my door, and sat down at my desk. As if it had been waiting politely for my return, the phone began to ring. It was Norman.

"What's the matter, man? You sound out of breath."

"No . . . always sound that way on the phone . . . Norman, what the hell was that stuff you gave me?"

"Uh, better not talk about it on the phone, man. Did you want to buy any?"

"Well, how much do you have?"

"About a hundred."

"My God! You've got a hundred lids of that stuff?"

"No, man. Keys."

I had to put my head between my legs to keep from fainting. I was afraid to ask the next question.

"How much per key?"



"Twenty, man."

"Twenty? Why, that's fantastic. I haven't heard of twenty-dollar keys since I was in——"

"No, man. Twenty nickels."

"Twenty nickels? You mean one dollar? Per key?"

"That's right, man."

"Norman . . . Norman, what are you doing? You can't sell dope for a dollar a key. Wretched Mexican farmers can't sell dope for a dollar a key."

"I could knock it down a little. . . ."

"NORMAN! WILL YOU STOP FUCKING WITH MY HEAD?"

"Jeez, you New York guys sure are speedy."

I closed my eyes and forced myself to calm down. "Norman, what exactly do you want to do?"

"Okay. You tell me how many keys you want. I'll put 'em in a bag and we can meet somewhere tonight. You know Nathan's at Eighth Street? Well, we can meet there. You check the weed, hand me the bread, and we split, okay? So how much you want?"

"At a dollar a key?"

"Right. In nickels."

Suddenly I felt that I was being drawn inexorably into some classic dealer trap, familiar and obvious to everyone but me. Nonetheless, the shit was too good to risk missing. I consulted my checkbook. I had —$129. And in my pockets $11.21. Well, at least when I got ripped off, I wouldn't lose much.

"Norman, I'll take ten keys." Ten keys meant three hundred forty lids. God.

"Out of sight, man. Listen, I'll call you when it's time. Sunshine and me gotta, uh, get our shit together so we can leave for home right after we deal you the stuff."

"Fine." I'd sell it just in ounces to keep the price up. For dope like this I ought to be able to get a hundred bucks per. In fact, a hundred bucks was a steal. Two grams of cocaine cost that much and cocaine wasn't even in the same league.

"Well, okay man, I'll see you later."

"Fine." Probably ought to keep, oh, forty lids for myself. That left three hundred lids at one hundred bucks each. So I'd gross . . . thirty thousand bucks?

"Norman, I'll take the whole hundred!"

I was talking to the dial tone. Oh, well. Maybe I could borrow enough to buy the rest, but what the hell? With forty lids of musical inspiration and thirty thousand bucks to support me in the meantime, I couldn't complain. I ran across the street to the supermarket and came home with two hundred nickels. Then I fed Booger and sat down to wait.

The hours dragged by like cripples. Friends called several times but I shooed them off the line. By ten o'clock, I was worried. By twelve, I was beside myself. At two, I concluded I had been had. Then the phone rang.

"Hey, it's me, *man*. Meet me in five minutes, okay?"

I grabbed my coat and tore out the door.

You haven't lived until you've visited Nathan's at 2:15 in the morning. Garish white light washes every face into a mask. Music is supplied by a large transistor radio belonging to the hot-dog chef; it laces the room alternately with Latino fire and static. The countermen look like stilettos.

Norman was not in evidence. I purchased an order of stuffed derma and found a spot by the window next to a huge, totally bald guy with a scar like a zipper up his cheek. You stand at Nathan's, at elbow-high tables with formica tops. Mine was an artist's palette of ketchup blobs, mustard pools, and spilled coffee. I waited.

The minutes passed. A hooker told a drunk sailor to kiss off. Three guys in motorcycle jackets and chains ordered hamburgers and defended the hamburger man against all other customers until he had cooked and handed them their food. People eyed one another.

I was starting on my third birchbeer when I spotted Norman coming down Eighth Street. The neon made his hair look almost white against his dark cloak. He was carrying a shopping bag.

"What's happening, man?" We shook hands. "Go ahead, man. Take a look." I did. The bag was filled to the top with green pellets. They looked beautiful.

I handed Norman a small paper bag containing the nickels. He looked inside, smiled, told me to take it easy, and split. I watched his retreating back in a kind of euphoria. I had made some good deals in my time, but this went beyond anything I had ever conceived of.

Then I smote my forehead angrily. Why hadn't I asked him for his address? After he got home to Colorado we could deal through the mail. I grabbed the bag of dope and set out after him.

It was three o'clock and the street traffic was thinning out. Norman was easy to spot with his blond hair flying in the wind. I decided not to run right up to him but to follow and see where he went. At his van I could get the address and meet his old lady too.

Norman didn't go to a van. You know Cooper Square? There's a sculpture there, a large metal cube tilted up on one of its points, affixed to the concrete and allowed to spin. Norman walked into the cube.

If I'd been a cartoon character, little black lines would have emitted from my head at that point. Cooper Square was empty. Norman was gone. The cube turned slightly in a gust of wind, crying like a metal kitten.

I stood watching it stupidly for several minutes, but nothing changed. I started home. The cube creaked again behind me. I slowed and turned to look at it over my shoulder. So what could a little peek hurt? I walked over and reached out to touch the spot where he'd disappeared.

"What do you say, man?" said Norman. I must have jumped halfway up the cube. I'd heard his voice but there was nobody there.

"Don't let it hassle you, man. I'm talking inside your head. No, wait. Come on in and I'll explain."

With no sense of transition, I was inside the cube. There was a candle burning and in its ample light I could see Norman and a healthy-looking blonde girl seated on a structural crosspiece.

"Hey, how you doin'? Meet my old lady, Sunshine."

Sunshine smiled sunnily. I nodded to her in what I hoped was a friendly fashion, trying to collect my thoughts.

"Jesus, can't you cool out your mind a *little*?" asked Norman. "I'm getting a headache trying to follow you. Here, have a hit on this."

He handed me a joint, normal grass type, and I had quite a few hits. Norman smiled.

"That's better. Now I'll answer all your questions. Yes, I can 'read your mind.' I've been reading it since I met you, except on the phone, of course. See, we're not actually from Colorado."

I must have had an angry thought. He held up a hand.

"Oh, we're from a place *like* Colorado—at least the Colorado I see in your memories—only it's a few trillion light years, several thousand year years, and a few dimensional half-turns away from here. Yeah, right, this isn't what we really look like. If we switched back to our normal forms, you'd throw up. I mean that literally, by the way. Having dug where your mind is at, I can guarantee you'd blow your lunch all over the place if we ever——"

"Never mind," I said. "I'd rather not know."

"Okay. Now you're wondering who we are and where we're going. Well, it's like I told you before, man. We been to a festival and we're on our way home. No, not exactly a rock festival. More like a festival of fluids and temperatures. You'd get a better

continued

continued

idea of what I'm talking about if you knew our true forms, but, like I said, you'd retch your guts out if we——"

"All right, all right. I get the idea.

"Yeah. So anyway, we were at this festival. Like your Woodstock, you know, only a whole planet, if you can dig that. Sunshine and me were trying to split . . ."

"Along with about a trillion other entities," laughed Sunshine.

". . . and all the main teleport lanes were jammed, so we took a side lane. It was an out-of-the-way route, but it would've got us home just fine . . . if we hadn't run out of fuel, that is. So we materialized on this weird planet. We checked our *Whole Universe Catalog* on what to do, and it told us to watch the natives and learn how they acquire bread. Hey, man, you were only the second human I panhandled. I did pretty good, huh?" He held up the bag I had given him and shook it so it jingled. "Nickel, man—our supershell!"

So that explained the nickels. "But where's your van? It's not this cube, is it?"

"No, man, we're just crashing here. *This* is our van." He held out a plain black slab the size of an abridged dictionary. It didn't look very impressive.

"I'll show you how it works," said Norman. He let pour a stream of nickels from the bag onto the top of the slab, where they disappeared without sound or ripple.

I saw a strange waveriness begin at their feet and move slowly upwards, as if Norman and Sunshine were being gradually lowered into a pool of water. "Norman," I said, "I can dig the planet festival, and I can dig that you can read my mind, but what I can't dig is how anyone can grow grass like this."

Norman and Sunshine exchanged looks. Sunshine giggled.

"Uh, funny you should mention that, man. Yes, I could really see how that question could have you wondering. And it is a good question, too. Yes indeed, a very good question. . . ."

"Norman, when are you going to start saying something?" They had disappeared up to their knees by now; I wasn't sure how much longer they'd be with me.

"Uh, yeah. Well, I never exactly said it was grass, if you remember. And I told you about my digestive system, right? We're all like that; we can eat anything. Since we've been here we've eaten everything from cigar butts to light bulbs. But there's more. Uh, I'm sure this is going to be hard for you to dig, man. Again, seeing my real body would help, but you'd definitely leave stuffed derma plastered all over. . . ."

"Never mind!" Their thighs, on the horizontal, had just disappeared in a rush. The invisible pool crawled up their middles. "Just tell me how you produce the dope!"

"Uh . . . biologically."

"You mean . . . you make these pellets inside your bodies?"

"Uh, yeah, you could say that."

"Norman, in what manner do these pellets emerge from your bodies?"

"Ah . . . through a small orifice . . . located at the lower rear of the, uh . . . torso?"

"Norman, you mean the shit is shit?"

"You're fuckin' A it's shit," laughed Sunshine. "We must have eaten half the garbage on St. Mark's Place last night to produce it."

"But . . ."

"You got to admit, it's dynamite shit," said Norman.

He had me there.

"See, we can induce in our wastes any properties we want. In this case, we keyed it to your species, for mind expansion and euphoria. Naturally, it's nonaddictive. Which is a good thing, since we won't be around to produce any more.

"But don't worry about running out too soon, man," said Sunshine. "Tell him, Norman."

"Oh yeah," said Norman. They were now no more than heads hanging in the air. "See, we had no idea how much you'd want. Remember I said we had a hundred keys? You took ten and, well, we had no use for ninety kilos of our own turds, so while you and me was at Nathan's, Sunshine was dropping them off at your pad. You're *flush*, man!"

The water topped their heads and their faces became all wavery. The last thing I saw before they blinked out was big grins and, I swear to God, a peace sign from each. Then, somehow, I was out on the street in the gray, gathering dawn.

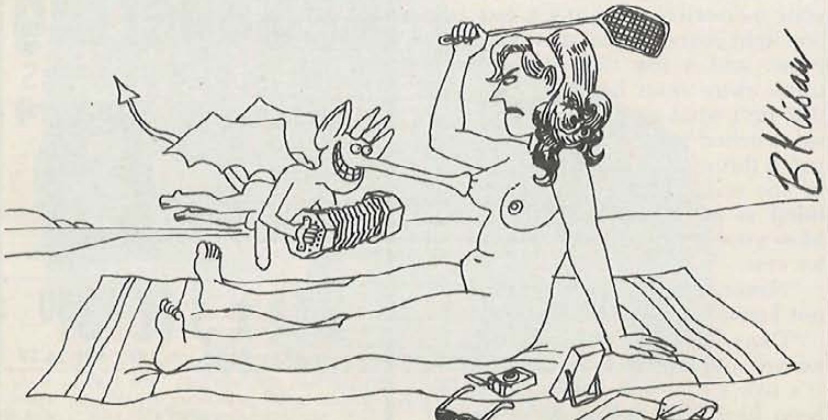
My subsequent sale was the grandest in the history of dealing. I kept five keys for myself, layed one each on Alan and Bobby, and sold the rest in a week. I'm not going to tell you how much I made, but I haven't spent it yet, not by a long shot.

As to my song-writing, I became even more brilliant and prolific than I had fantasized, but soon realized that I would never attain preeminent superstardom. You see, at least fifty other musicians, including seventeen guitarists, naturally purchased pieces of Norman's dope and moved into highly personalized explorations of their own, each as interesting and acclaimed as my own. Not to mention the shocking recent advancements in painting, sculpture, film, literature, photography, and the rest. *The Village Voice* calls it the greatest explosion in the arts since the Renaissance, and for all I know, it just may be.

So I'm just one among many, merely a small part of the strange wave of creative genius that stunned the world in the early 1970s. In retrospect, this suits me fine. Superstars really have had their day, and anyway, I carry with me the satisfaction of having pulled off a deal that will never be equaled. It's rather like having run a three-minute mile.

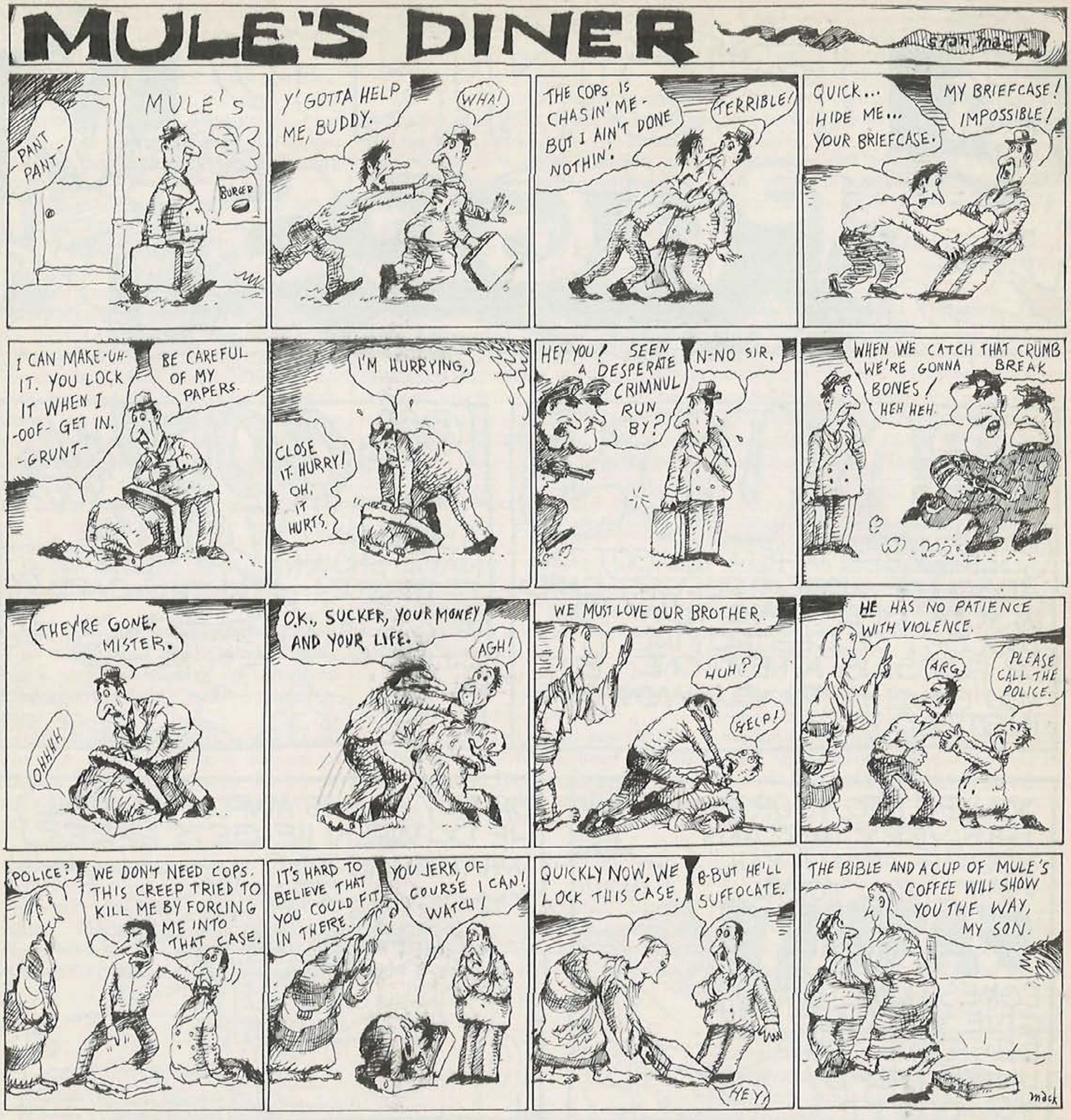
Incidentally, one dealer from Brooklyn refused to buy from me. He looked at the stuff, poked it, sniffed it, wrinkled his nose, and told me that in his opinion I'd been burned.

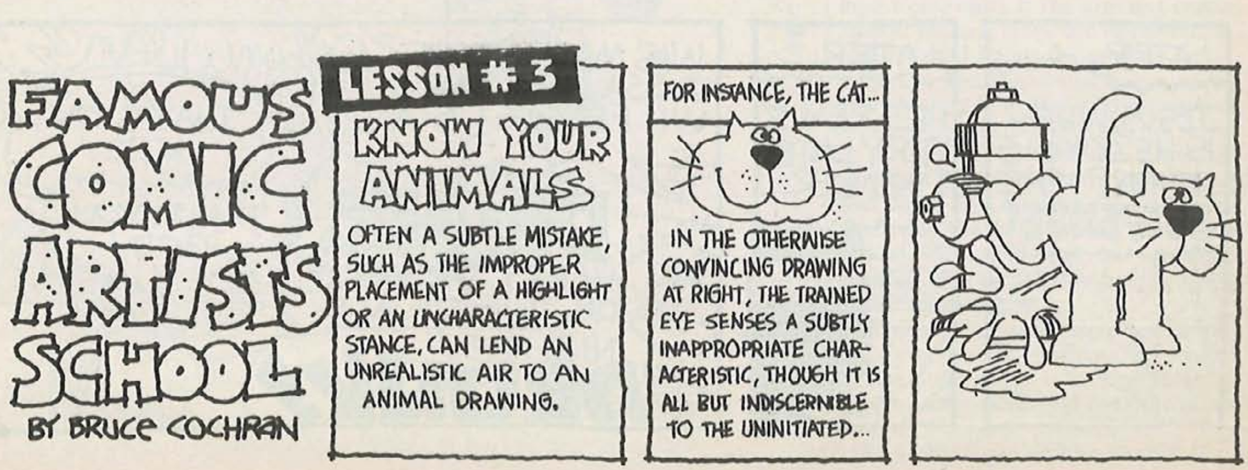
I told him he didn't know shit. □




FUNNY PAGES


NUTS
REMEMBER WHEN YOU GOT THE ABSOLUTE WORST REPORT CARD IN YOUR LIFE? AND HOW YOU THOUGHT OF DESTROYING IT OR FORGING A NEW ONE? BUT YOU GAVE IT TO YOUR MOTHER INSTEAD?
OH, GOD! HOW COULD YOU? LOOK AT THIS CARD!!!
I SHOULDN'T HAVE SHOWN IT TO HER!
YOU GET TO YOUR ROOM THIS VERY INSTANT, YOUNG MAN! YOU WAIT UNTIL YOUR FATHER COMES HOME! HE GIVE YOU WHAT DESERVE! OH UNGRATEFU YOU DON'T
WOW!
OH, BOY–THIS IS AWFUL! WHAT'LL HE DO WHEN HE GETS HERE? WHAT'LL HE DO?
LATER...
JESUS, WHEN IS HE COMING HOME? THE SUSPENSE!
LATER...
HE'S REALLY VERY LATE. I WONDER...
WAS MAT' MADGE? JUSSA LI'L PAR'Y WI' FELLAS! S'ALL!
Gahan Wilson
YOU'RE DRUNK, HARRY. DRUNK!! ON THIS OF ALL NIGHTS! DRUNK!
AW C'M'N
THAT'S OK, KID.
THANK YOU, GOD!

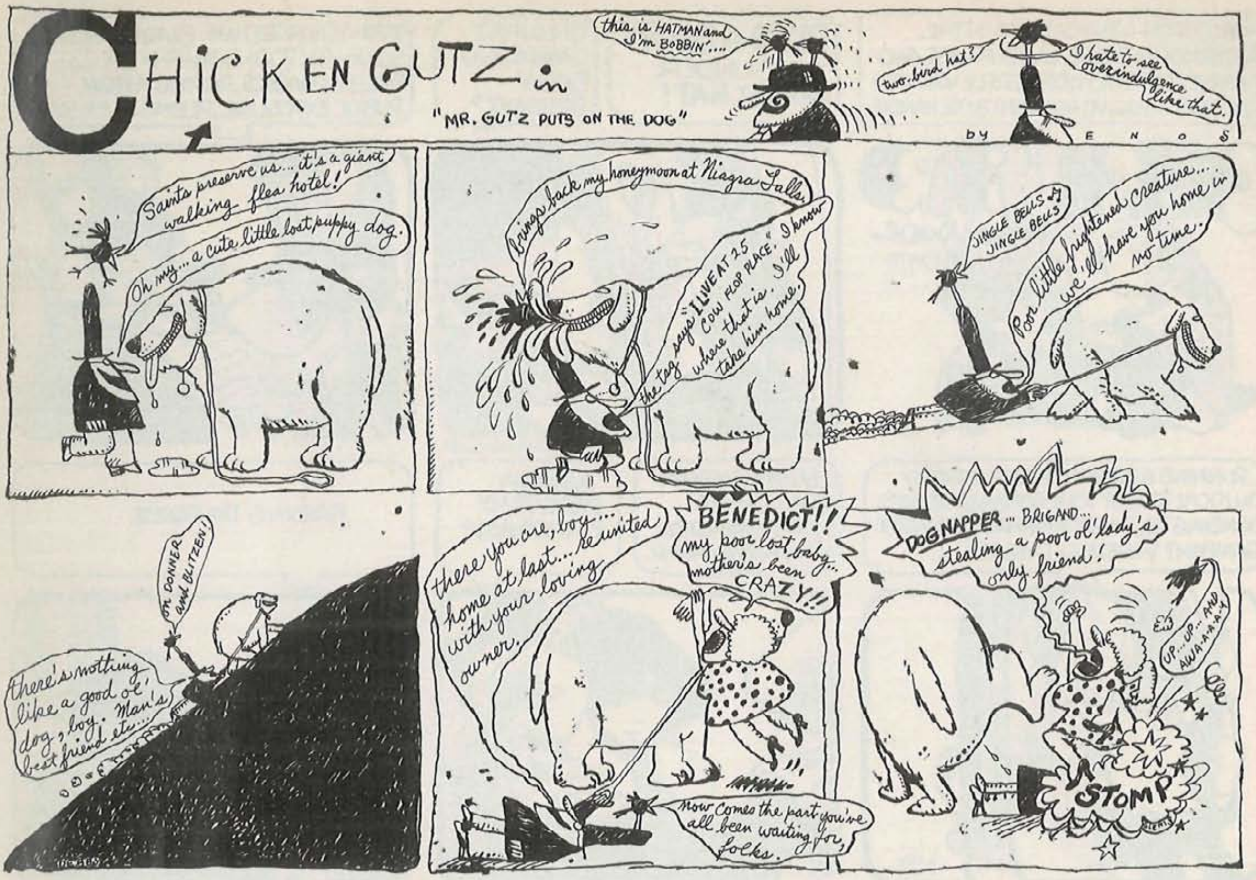

MULE'S DINER
stan mack
MULE'S
BURGER
PANT PANT
Y' GOTTA HELP ME, BUDDY.
WHA!
THE COPS IS CHASIN' ME - BUT I AIN'T DONE NOTHIN'.
TERRIBLE!
QUICK... HIDE ME... YOUR BRIEFCASE.
MY BRIEFCASE! IMPOSSIBLE!
I CAN MAKE-UH- IT. YOU LOCK IT WHEN I -OOF- GET IN. -GRUNT-
BE CAREFUL OF MY PAPERS.
I'M HURRYING.
CLOSE IT. HURRY! OH, IT HURTS.
HEY YOU! SEEN A DESPERATE CRIMNUL RUN BY?
N-NO SIR.
WHEN WE CATCH THAT CRUMB WE'RE GONNA BREAK BONES! HEH HEH.
THEY'RE GONE, MISTER.
OHHHH
O.K., SUCKER, YOUR MONEY AND YOUR LIFE.
AGH!
WE MUST LOVE OUR BROTHER.
HUH?
HELP!
HE HAS NO PATIENCE WITH VIOLENCE.
ARG
PLEASE CALL THE POLICE.
POLICE?
WE DON'T NEED COPS. THIS CREEP TRIED TO KILL ME BY FORCING ME INTO THAT CASE.
IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU COULD FIT IN THERE.
YOU JERK, OF COURSE I CAN! WATCH!
QUICKLY NOW, WE LOCK THIS CASE.
B-BUT HE'LL SUFFOCATE.
HEY!
THE BIBLE AND A CUP OF MULE'S COFFEE WILL SHOW YOU THE WAY, MY SON.
mack


FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL
BY BRUCE COCHRAN
LESSON # 3
KNOW YOUR ANIMALS
OFTEN A SUBTLE MISTAKE, SUCH AS THE IMPROPER PLACEMENT OF A HIGHLIGHT OR AN UNCHARACTERISTIC STANCE, CAN LEND AN UNREALISTIC AIR TO AN ANIMAL DRAWING.
FOR INSTANCE, THE CAT...
IN THE OTHERWISE CONVINCING DRAWING AT RIGHT, THE TRAINED EYE SENSES A SUBTLY INAPPROPRIATE CHARACTERISTIC, THOUGH IT IS ALL BUT INDISCERNIBLE TO THE UNINITIATED...

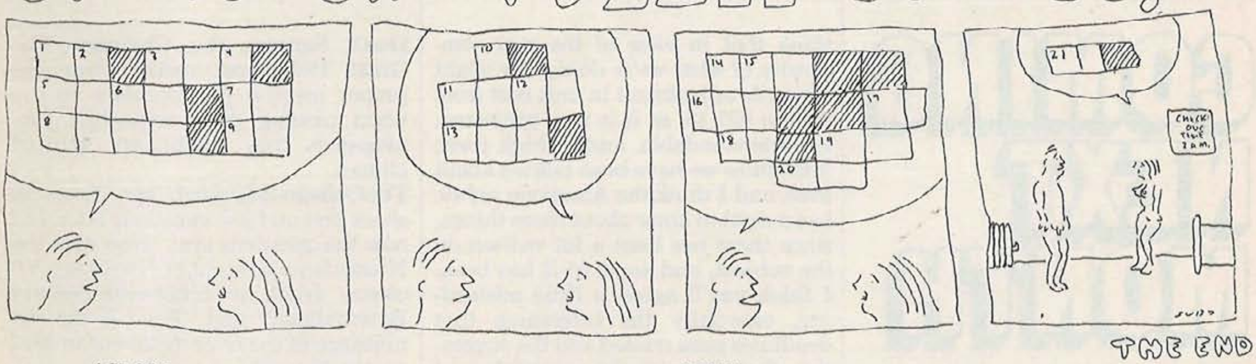

ROCKS, ROCKS... NOTHING BUT ROCKS. I'M SICK OF ROCKS.
SHAB
THE NEW MODEL ROCKS MUST BE OUT.


DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
WEIRD • REPUGNANT • REVOLTING • UNUSUAL • CALIBAN • DISGUSTING •
SMEGMA, I HAVE DECIDED. THE MONSTER AS A HOMOSEXUAL MUST CEASE TO EXIST...
...IT'S GETTING TOO RISKY-ON AT LEAST FIVE OCCASIONS I'VE SEEN INSPECTOR KLEE OUT BACK SKULKING ABOUT THE ROCKS – THE VILLAGERS ARE IN A NASTY MOOD – EVEN GELBSUCHT THE GROCER REFUSES US SERVICE! I HAVE TO MOTOR 18 MILES TO BLUTSCHANDE FOR A SIMPLE BAR OF SOAP...
HOWEVER, I WILL NOT DESTROY MY MASTERFUL CREATION BECAUSE OF ONE IMPERFECTION. ...DUE, I MIGHT ADD, TO YOUR STUPIDITY, SMEGMA!
YOU ARE GOING TO GET ANOTHER BRAIN, SMEGMA! A HETEROSEXUAL BRAIN, SMEGMA! ...TONIGHT!
DO THIS RIGHT, SMEGMA, AND I MIGHT EVEN FIX THAT LEG OF YOURS.
TEUFISCH
FRANKENHAUS
JOSEF MANFRED SCHWACHINNIG
AGED 52
WELL DIGGER
DEATH BY ASPHYXIATION
FATHER OF 14 CHILDREN
14 CHILDREN!
CRACK!
IT WAS JUST LIKE KHARKOV IN 1941 ALL OVER AGAIN, LIEBHABER – I GOT THE DAMNED THING DEAD CENTER AT OVER 150 METERS.


IDYL
©J·JONES 1972
GOATS ARE FOR THE BIRDS . . . AND THE LORD. VIRGINS ARE FOR BEELZEBUB.
IF I AM GOING TO GET THE DEVIL HIMSELF HERE TONIGHT I NEED PURITY!
THE DEVIL LIKES 'EM PURE.
MALEFACTO ET DEVILIBUM. HIC, HAEC, HOC. HUIUS, HUIUS, HUIUS.
LOVUM. LOVUM, LOVUM. ANUS AND VAGINUM.
HA!
MAYBE SHE'D HAVE BEEN PURER IF I'D STUCK IT IN HER HEART.



CROSSWORD PUZZLE COMICS!



ACROSS

1. Conjunction
3. Pronoun
5. Preference
7. Conjunction
8. Oral-genital relation
9. Pronoun
10. Pronoun
11. Expression of disapproval
13. Expression of disgust
14. Correlative
16. Difference between man and woman
17. Conjunction
18. Conjunction
19. Sigh
20. Deep sigh
21. Expression of consent (colloq.)

DOWN

1. Tibetan ox
2. East Indian fruitcake
3. Pelagarian's sister
4. N. African lake
6. Sand dune (var.)
10. Hindu dance
11. Ancestor of Pterydactyl
12. Siberian monastery
14. Caluptusian
15. W. Norfolk mini-park
17. Moon of Narason
19. Peloponnesian mystic



COMING NEXT MONTH

Overrun

"Well, to answer your question, let me just say that although we have run into these problems which you have mentioned, that is, the question of paper fatigue, staple failure, and the rest of it, that all of us here at the Puntagon have a lot of confidence in the NL-28 and I think that confidence is borne out by the facts. Now I think we should take a look at those facts. Remember what we are doing here is printing and deploying in hardened purchasing sites throughout North America a multipage, polychromatic, ad-fueled, ultrahigh-circulation, facetious periodical carrying a five-hundred-kilofun jocular device, and I think that in view of the real complexity of what we're doing, the slight upwards adjustment in unit cost from $.75 to $27.13, as it is now projected, is understandable, and I think these difficulties we have been talking about here, and I think the American public has a right to know about these things, since there has been a lot written on the subject, and some of it has been, I think you'll agree, a little misleading, especially the inferences that deadlines were missed and the suggestion that some of the material used was obsolescent, well, this is simply not true. Now I also think no one would argue with me when I say that we must have the assured derision capability to deter any potential prankster, and in that regard I think I should remind you that although we are still ahead of the Russians in overall laughs, they have taken the lead in surface quips, land-based farces, and supersonic jests, and last year, on another line but I think an important one, they surpassed us in irony production for the first time, and I for one have no intention of sitting idly while America becomes second banana."

Mao's Little Black Book, or Please Don't Squeeze the Chairman/The Great Helmsman makes clear the proper method for comrades to use when placing their revanchist running-dogs into reactionary splittist cliques.

The College-Educated Cops/They still shoot first and ask questions later, but now the questions are: "How does the Nietzschean concept of Necessary Violence relate to nineteenth-century Rationalism?" and "What is the significance of the river metaphor in *Mill on the Floss*?"

Beneath the Family of Man/That hum you hear is Edward Steichen spinning in his grave fast enough to produce electric power sufficient to light a city the size of Davenport, Iowa.

Better Mouth and Saliva Catalogue/ Do you suffer from a dull palate, a tedious tongue, a disappointing uvula? Do people say, behind your back, It's between his chin and his nose, it's got to be a mouth?

The Bully Boys' Book of Big Ships/ The Insidious Yellow Foe Has Fired upon Our Dreadnoughts in the Course of Their Peaceful Patrols! They Must Pay for Their Perfidy!

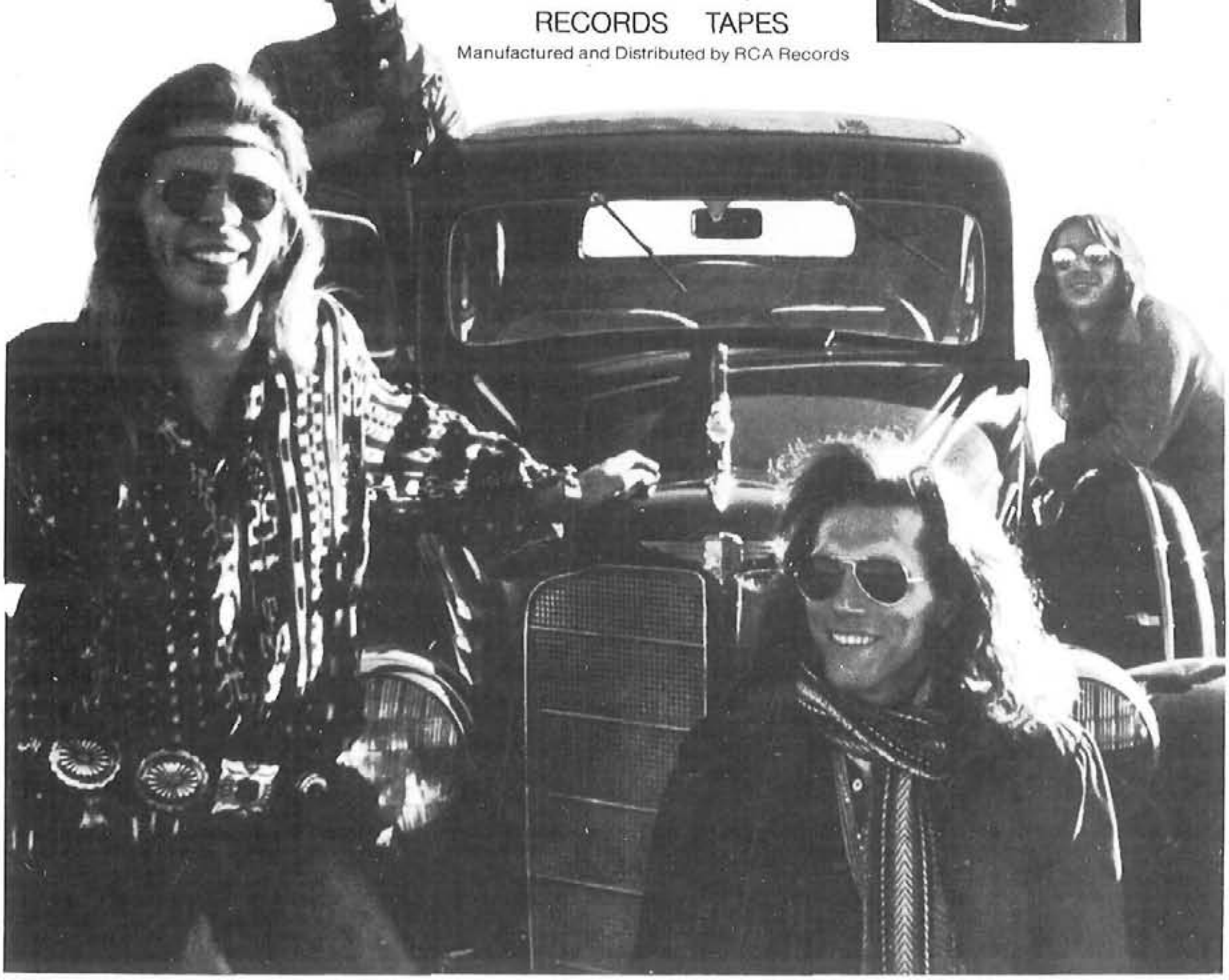
Plus: Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Foto Funnies, and much more. □

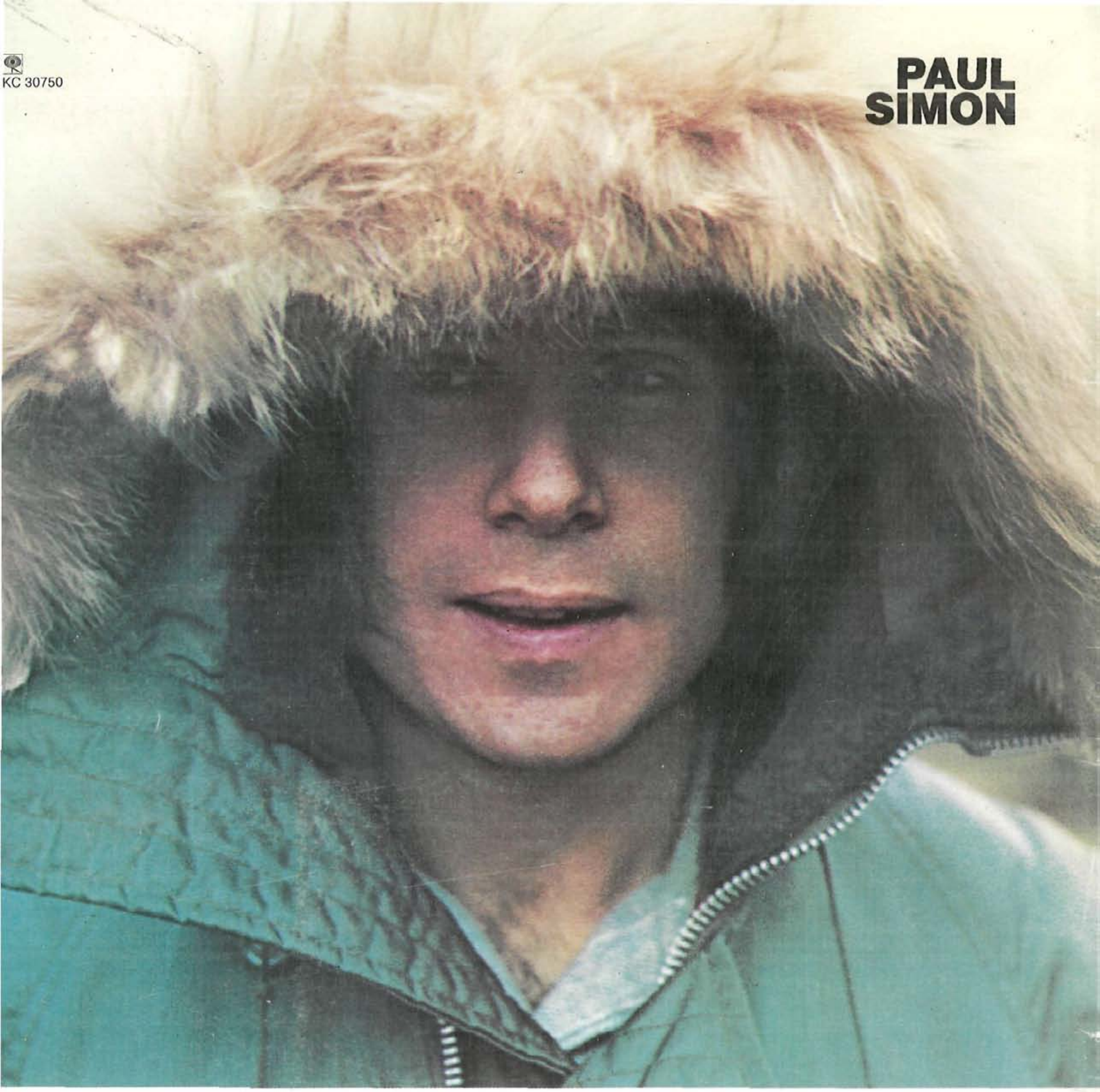
Hot Tuna:
Jorma Kaukonen, *guitars and lead vocals*
Jack Casady, *bass, vocals and eyebrow*
Papa John Creach, *violin and vocals*
Sammy Piazza, *drums, tympani, other percussion and vocals*

Hot Tuna's
new album
"Burgers."



GRUNT
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Me and Julio Down by the Schoolyard
Mother and Child Reunion
Duncan
Everything Put Together Falls Apart
Run That Body Down
Armistice Day
Peace Like a River
Papa Hobo
Hobo's Blues
Paranoia Blues
Congratulations

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